The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XVIII SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 9

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 September, 1931 No.

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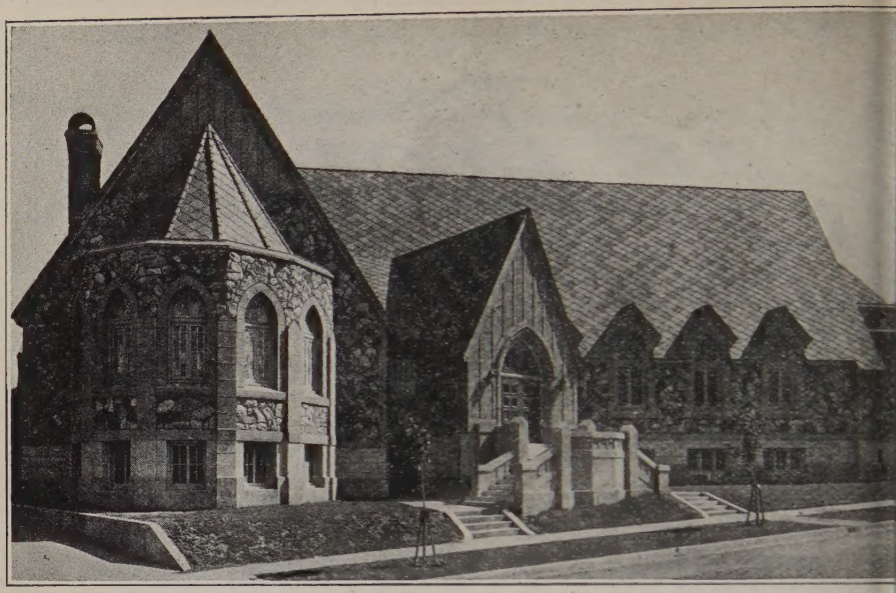

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When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

What Am I?

I am a far too common sight in the neighborhood of every high school.

I am small and innocent in appearance, but contain immense possibilities for working mischief.

I ruin many a football team. No coach will permit players to use me during the season, for I am sure death to wind, speed, and "pep."

I am responsible for innumerable failures in school, and for still more in after life.

I can destroy a boy's ambition and will power, and put his brain to sleep.

At my best, I am a worthless thing to spend good money for. At my worst, I injure body, mind and morals.

The evil I do is incalculable. Still I flourish.

I am the student's worst enemy—I am the CIGARETTE.

John Elson, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

* * * * *

Howard A. Kelly, M. D., chief surgeon, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland, says:

"Boys, if I were you, I would let tobacco alone. As a doctor, I see and constantly hear of many who are seriously hurt by it. It is a wasteful habit and easily becomes a harmful one, readily interfering with your success in life. * * * The national bill for tobacco is something appalling; it is a terrible indictment against a nation like ours, where so much good can be done with modest sums of money, that so much is utterly wasted in smoke."

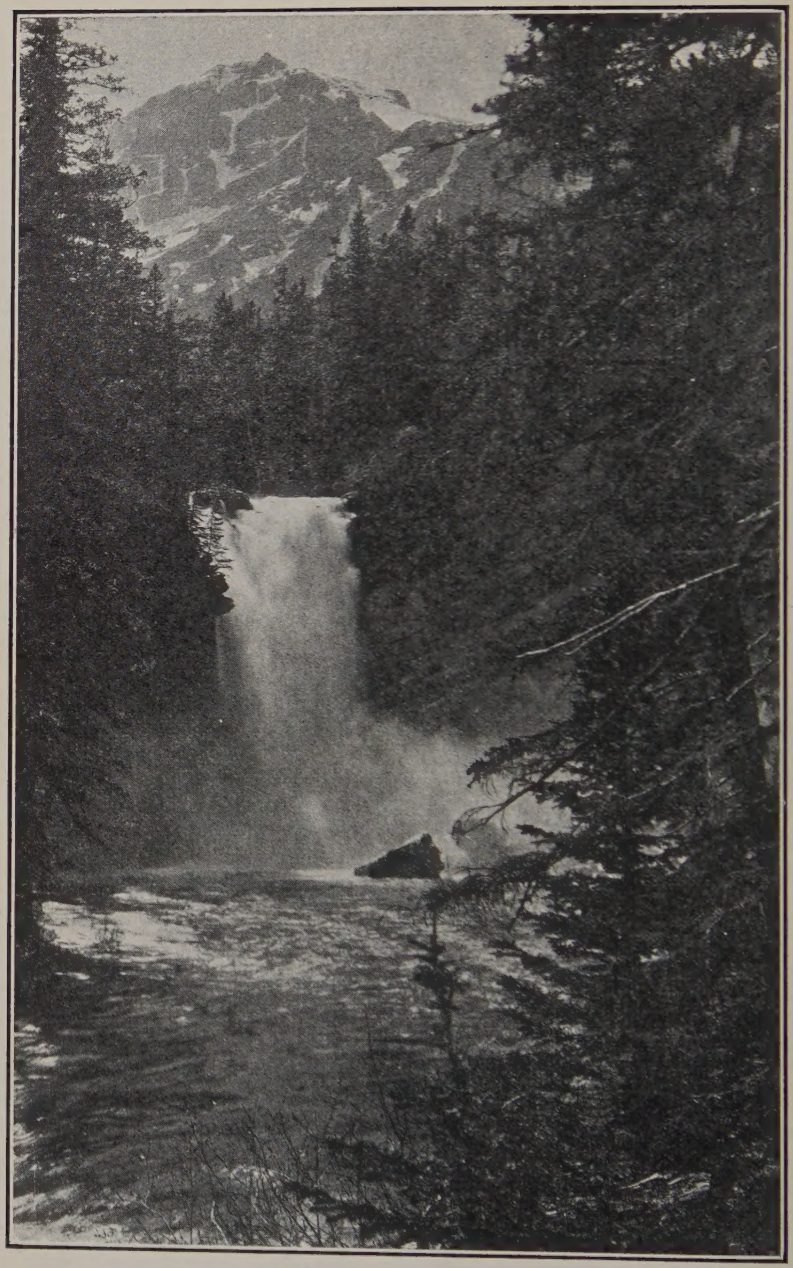
* * * * *

"There is something about the cigarette habit that weakens and unnerves the boy. It destroys his memory, robs him of his power of attention, saps his will power, and deprives him of his initiative."—*Judge DeLacey of the Juvenile Court in Washington, D. C.*

* * * * *

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, perhaps the best loved of women singers, at the close of her concert at Smith College, in responding to an encore for another song, said:

"Listen, girls, I have something very important to say to you, and it will do you far more good than another song. * * * It's about cigarette smoking. I want you to know that I have never smoked, and I never will. I think, and I say it with all my heart, that it is a crime that you girls are poisoning your young bodies by smoking cigarettes."



TRICK FALLS, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Photo by Hileman

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII SEPTEMBER, 1931 No. 9

Habit Training in Infancy and Early Childhood

By Milton Bennion

FORMATION of habits that make for the greatest personal and social efficiency is one of ne most important means of char-cter development. This aspect of haracter training is also more de-endent upon the family than any ther educational agency. Until re-ently this training has not generally een thought of as belonging to the eriod of infancy, nor in any marked egree to early childhood. The esults of recent scientific studies ave, however, led students of this ubject to reverse this older point f view. Infancy and early child-ood are coming to be regarded as ne most opportune time of life to stablish habits that are most essen-al to good character. It should be oted that the term good character, s here used, has reference to attain-ent of the greatest personal and ocial efficiency possible to any given ndividual. Good character should ot therefore be thought of in its egative sense only; namely as re-raining from evil doing. Important s this is, it is, in fact, only a minor hase of character as here conceived. rom this point of view it is at nce evident that the foundations of haracter are laid in the period of nfancy, and, indeed, in some meas-re, during the prenatal period.

Lest it may seem presumptuous for a mere man to advise as to how to train infants, I shall quote from a letter recently received from a young mother whose experience within the last five years with three infants of her own may free her from the charge of being only a theorist. I quote the following:

"In habit formation, to make it easy, one should have good healthy material to start with. Many realize the importance of having a good diet but do not actually know what that is. The mother's diet, complete in all respects, before a baby is born and while it is nursing, lays the foundation for training the baby in good habits. A colicky baby or one puny from rickets or other disease due to malnutrition is one I should dislike to have to train. On the other hand, a baby that has a good healthy start can easily be spoiled by the wrong kind of handling.

"Another idea to keep in mind is one's attitude toward the job. I think of the baby as helpless, as one whose development depends absolutely upon the way he is managed. I admit there are different types and dispositions noticeable in babies at an early age; but one can recognize that and act accordingly. The idea is to manage the baby and not to let

the baby manage you. If a baby doesn't come to a schedule and routine then I look for the cause in something I have done or haven't done—after all the parent must be subject to self-discipline, must be consistent and regular in carrying out a schedule.

"I believe the first three months are the most important. If a baby can sleep, eat, and grow properly these first months, the rest will come easy, if one still sticks to a schedule. I have always found that during these three months I could establish regular habits of sleeping, nursing, taking cod liver oil, water, and orange juice. By that time I have the baby on a four-hour feeding schedule, which gives longer sleeping time and the stomach more rest. With the establishment of the habit of sleeping through the night, feedings are reduced to five in twenty-four hours.

"Another important habit to be established early is that of elimination. This process should be regular and just before a bath and a period of sleep. The sleep will thus be longer and sounder. Directions in detail concerning procedure may be found in 'Infant Care,' a publication of the Children's Bureau in the United States Department of Labor. This is Bureau Publication No. 8, Revised July, 1929, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., price ten cents.* Mothers who are not familiar with the publications of the Children's Bureau will find it worthwhile to write for a list of available bulletins.

"The second three months the baby spends more time awake. Suitable ways of spending his time should now be given some attention. To be handled and played with too much will interfere with the habit of learning to amuse himself. By changing his position, his view, and his playthings occasionally the baby may pass much time happily.

"One thing a baby soon learns is what crying will do for him. It is his most emphatic way of attracting attention to himself, and he will use it, in so far as possible, as a means of getting the attention he craves. This is often contrary to his own best good.

"If a baby is put to bed in the same way and in the same place every night it will not take many crying spells to teach him that it is bed time, and to establish the habit of going to sleep without crying. In any case a little crying is good exercise and makes for sound sleep.

"The next period, six to nine months, the main new feature is his eating habits. He learns to take solid foods and to drink from a cup. These new habits should be acquired very gradually. A baby may show signs of dislike for a new food, but through separate offerings of it when he is really hungry he may learn to like it. It will do him no harm, at this age, to go hungry for a time, provided he has all the water he cares for.

"He must now learn to masticate food. Let him practice on a piece of hard, dry toast. In feeding do not give him too large a serving nor several dishes at one time. Such a practice may induce the habit of dawdling over his meals, may tend to destroy his appetite and may dis-

*EDITOR'S NOTE: A copy of "Infant Care" may be obtained free, upon request, by mothers residing in Utah, from Utah State Board of Health, State Capitol, Salt Lake City, Utah. This publication **cannot** be supplied in quantities to Relief Societies or other organizations. The request must come from the mothers. Residents of other states are referred to their respective State Boards of Health.

ɔurage him in his efforts to learn
eat new foods."*

TO summarize briefly it may be said that the foundation of ɔod habits should be laid by the rospective mother in her own abits of diet, elimination, exercise, st and sleep; that the attitude of ıe mother and also of the father ward the infant should be such as temper natural affection with ıowledge, wisdom, and self discine in the interest of the child's ost ultimate good. During the rst three months of the child's life ıe father may have to exercise lovıg restraint over the mother to revent her on some occasions from king up the crying baby in reɔonse to her own instincts but conary to her judgment and in opɔsition to the child's welfare. If ıe child needs change of clothing, elief from excess of gas in his omach, or other cause of serious iscomfort this relief should be romptly provided and the child eturned to his place; but to allow im thus early to acquire the habit f ruling the household by his cries ıd of forestalling the possibility f himself acquiring regular habits f sleep and rest is contrary to all ɔund principles of infant training. he same is true if his cries lead to eeding off schedule or to other irgularity. His real needs should be ıet, but the time to play with him when he is good and not simply emanding attention. It should not e supposed that systematic training ı regular habits means to starve the ɔcial nature of the child nor to eprive parents of the joys of loving ssociations with their young chilren.

*From an informal letter written by Irs. William L. Jones, who was, prior to er marriage, a teacher of home ecoɔmics in the Branch Agricultural Colge at Cedar City, Utah.

OF equal importance with that of being fed on a regular time schedule is the habit of eating the kinds of food that, at any given age, contribute most to health and normal growth. A child should not be coaxed or bribed to eat, nor, under normal conditions, forced to. The food may properly be made attractive, in so far as this can be done within reason and without detracting from its nutritive value. It should then be offered without comment or other display of personal concern. In case the food is refused, water may be substituted and the same kind of food provided for the next meal. This procedure may also be followed when the child develops the senseless habit of refusing to taste a new food. It will not be long before the habit of taking the right kind of food at the right time will be established. The other plan, too often followed by parents, that of coaxing, fuming, or fussing with a child about his likes and dislikes leads him to become self-centered, to court all the attention he can get from the family, even if he has to have a temper tantrum in order that he may occupy the center of the domestic stage. Such an attitude is directly contrary to one of the most essential conditions of good character; namely, regard for the comfort and convenience of others. It is also directly in the way of developing a rational attitude toward self. The child should be led, as his reasoning powers develop, to look upon his body as an instrument in the accomplishment of the most worthwhile purposes and so to nourish and otherwise care for his body as to realize the highest degree of efficiency. Thus, in time, he will come to have the same attitude toward himself that an intelligent, wise, and self-disciplined parent has toward his child.

The chances of the child's attaining this degree of rationality will vary, other things being equal, with the degree of rationality manifested by his parents in his early training. This rationality of parents toward children and later of children toward themselves and the contrary or irrational attitudes often assumed are manifest in a multiplicity of ways other than in feeding habits. With many children proper sleeping habits are made impossible by excessive parental indulgence in floor walking, jiggling, rocking, or going to bed with him every evening. The child acquires a habit of associating sleep with these forms of parental indulgence and is compelled to go through a long struggle in the post infancy period to free himself from these undesirable habits. Furthermore, he either ties the parent to the house at children's bed time, or the child breaks all attempts to settle any hour of the evening as a regular one for his retirement. It may vary from eight to twelve o'clock and may often result in the child's falling asleep in the living room in his day clothing while he is waiting for someone to go to bed with him.

ANOTHER mistake in child training too often made, especially where only one child lives in a household with several adults, is that of training him to "show off" before the family or before company. Thus the child early develops the ego-centric attitude which may later lead to very serious behavior problems. Displays of exceptional smartness and cuteness are, of course, very gratifying to parents and other relatives, but unfortunately they do not sense their part for the future welfare of the child. A child, in no case, should be treated as a plaything, however entertaining he may be, just as an older child should never be exploited for financial gain, now generally forbidden by our child labor laws. The underlying principle is the same in both cases; namely, that the child should be dealt with always with respect to his own ultimate best good and never as a means either for the entertainment or the financial gain of his parents or anyone else. This, of course, calls for the utmost respect for the personality of the child and for his rights. This respect, together with parental love or parental pride, to say nothing of parental greed, should never lead either to improper indulgence or to any kind of exploitation.

To return to more positive suggestions, there are some very important mental habits that should be cultivated in early childhood. Among these are the following:

THE child should be trained to entertain himself in a variety of ways and to develop his own resources. To this end a few simple playthings will suffice. He does not need the more expensive self-operating, mechanical toys; but rather simple things that he can do something with, such as a suitable ball, a set of blocks, a book of heavy paper, cardboard, a sled, the main point being to have something on which he can spend his energies and do constructive things. This need is especially felt in this age of commercial amusements, such as picture shows where children are taken merely to sit in a passive state while the show house does all the rest. Excessive patronage of this type of amusement tends to atrophy the native creative powers of the generation that is subject to it, hence there is now more need than ever of providing opportunities for children to engage in creative activities

With young children this opportunity may be had chiefly in play.

A SECOND habit of importance for this period is that of orderliness. The child should have suitable places provided or assigned for his toys, his clothing, and other belongings when not in use, and should be trained to put his things where they belong. He can early be shown how this lessens the chances of loss or damage to his property, how it saves his own time in not having to search for his things when wanted, and how it saves his mother and others from unnecessary labor. The habit of orderliness will become fixed with much greater certainty if it is developed upon a rational, thoughtful basis, as soon as the child is old enough to understand the reasons for doing things in prescribed ways. This is, of course, true of all habits. While doing the same thing in the same way at regular intervals over a long period of time tends to establish the habit, and may do so in such physiological process as sleep, nutrition, and elimination, in more complex activities less dependent upon mere physiological processes, there may be reaction against the established routine as soon as external pressure is removed, hence the need of supplanting, as soon as may be, external compulsion with insight and self-direction.

A THIRD habit to be established in early childhood is that of inquiry or investigation into the nature and meaning of things. In the normal child this disposition of mind is very apparent. Parents may be either amused, annoyed, or they may simply ignore the juvenile inquirer. Probably only a small minority of adults appreciate the child's interests and realize the need of giving him serious and adequate attention. In the history of the human race this habit of investigation is the basis of progress in science, invention, and other aspects of practical affairs. The permanent welfare, therefore, of both the individual and the race is dependent upon preservation and development of this native tendency. Yet, in case of many children, this tendency is suppressed by parents or other adults in the home. The same process is continued in modified form by some teachers until the child is finally transformed into an adult magpie, ready to echo whatever knowledge is offered him ready made, but with his native curiosity and his powers of direct observation and thought reduced to a minimum. Any adult having direct associations with a child can do much to obviate such an outcome. In case a child asks foolish or meaningless questions, that is, for one of his age, he should be shown that this is the case and should be stimulated to think before he speaks. If the questions are such that he can easily find out the answers for himself, he should be led by counter questions to discover the answer rather than to be told. In many cases he will, however, ask questions of real significance to himself, and which he has not the means or the experience to answer. A little parental attention to such questions and the kindly recognition of the child in answering will be time very well spent.

In case the question cannot be answered it is well to say so; or if it is one the answer to which is beyond the child's comprehension the child should be so informed rather than ignored or answered incorrectly or otherwise insincerely. As a young child may by over and improper attention of parents and encouragement in self display de-

velop a superiority complex, so, on the other hand, may parents develop in a child an inferiority complex by habitually discounting the meaning and importance of his juvenile inquiries. The over attention and self display on the one hand tends to develop an ego-centric attitude, while the customary inquiries of the normal child are manifestations of an objective attitude of mind; an attitude to be cultivated because it contributes toward developing a wholesome personality. As manifest in the child this attitude may seem very simple, and to some adult minds, unworthy of attention, the underlying tendency and mental habit is, however, the same as that manifested later by the same individuals as inventors, scientists, and philosophers. It lies also at the base of investigations in the educational and social fields, so essential to educational and social reforms. It does, however, require imagination, as well as sympathetic understanding of children, to see how mental characteristics of eminent men, so highly prized, are but the development of native characteristics generally so little appreciated in children.

A FOURTH habit of very great consequence in character formation is that of sociability in the moral sense of that term. Every child has to learn how to associate with other children on a plan of equality. Whether this can be learned easily or only with great difficulty outside the home will depend in large measure upon the kind of influence and example of the home. What is the attitude of the child's parents toward their neighbors and toward the parents of other children with whom their's will come in contact? Do the parents assume an aristocratic attitude toward others; do they disregard the rights of neighbors or of community? What the parents are, in this respect, will influence the child's attitude much more than anything they can say. There are unfortunately in adult life, in cities especially, social distinctions which parents sometimes consciously and purposely carry over to their children from infancy. They regard them as too good to associate with children of the poorer or less learned classes of society. This is a most pernicious influence upon the life of a child. The child of the poor or of the unlearned may be quite as good in morals and in native endowment as is the child of the rich or the learned. What justification can there be for prejudicing the mind of a child against association on equal terms with such children? Respect for personality and recognition on equal terms of the dignity, independence, and rights of each person who has himself done nothing to forfeit such recognition is a basic principle both of ethics and of democracy. The child should breathe this spirit in the social atmosphere of the home, and should be trained to mingle with other children on this basis. It is only by this means that he can overcome selfishness and develop that other-mindedness and good will toward all mankind that are essential to good character and social progress.

To attain this result in character training the child must be trained to regard the rights of other children as equal to his own and to be considerate of their welfare and happiness. These lessons are first learned in the home, where there is more than one child near the same age and later in neighborhood associations of children, and under some modern conditions, in the nursery school, in the kindergarten, and gen

erally in the primary schools, now available to all. In connection with the development of this habit of sociability it is very important that the child be surrounded with people who possess a good emotional attitude. It is contagious as is also its opposite. A desirable emotional tone may also be cultivated in the child in all habit-training by arranging that agreeable consequences follow right doing and disagreeable consequences follow wrong doing. These consequences should be near enough to their antecedent acts to enable the child to realize the causal connection between them. With the development in later life of a high degree of intelligence and stability of character these causal connections may be very remote and consequences to self may even be lost sight of in one's absorption in a great cause having to do with the welfare of community or of humanity in general. The young child is, however, far removed from this plane of experience and should be treated accordingly.

Little Joys

By Grace Jacobsen

The sun shone hot on that sultry day
And my mind was ill at ease
With vexing and harassing problems
That seemed would never cease.

When up to my desk came a little lad
In overalls washed and patched
A frayed blue shirt at collar and cuffs
His round head with brown curls thatched.

His soiled gray cap came off in a trice
His blue eyes looked into mine
Can I borrow a book from the shelves today?
This library is wonderfully fine.

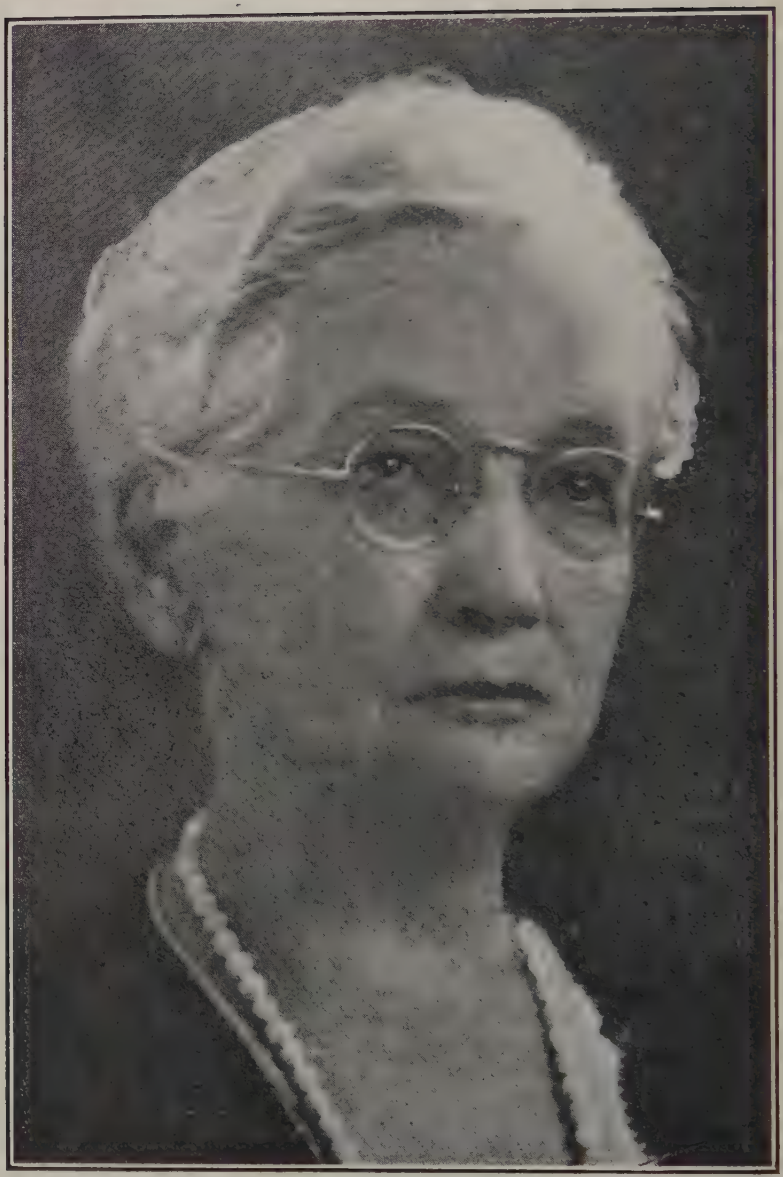
There was something about that little face,
The beautiful pensive bright eyes,
That instantly clutched at my heart strings
And filled me with silent surmize.

I noticed how pleased and how eager,
The thin little hands turned the leaves,
The sweet smile that played on his features,
As he rolled up his sticky shirt sleeves.

It is warm I am sure you would like
A nice cooling cream cone today
And into his white little palm I pressed
A coin from my earnings that day.

Then his pale pinched face grew radiant,
With a look of pathetic surprize,
A story I read without telling,
In the depths of those winning blue eyes.

Then I patted his brave little shoulders,
And bound up his bleeding bare feet.
My troubles had vanished completely,
With that dear childish form down the street.



ELIZABETH SNOW IVINS

Sketches of Representative Women

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Susa Young Gates

II

Elizabeth Snow Ivins

"Pioneer of the Second Generation"

THE first generation of Church pioneers have practically left this scene of action. The second generation are also slipping away rapidly, as many of them are in the sixties and seventies of life.

Of the second generation of pioneers, Elizabeth Snow Ivins may well be accounted a distinguished figure. She has shared in pioneering experiences from Salt Lake City's earliest days and in the settlement of Saint George when there was no Saint George, only flats and swamps in Dixie land. On down to Old Mexico her pioneering feet have trodden the difficult and toilsome way which marked so many of the second generation as deserving of pioneer remembrance and honor. The intelligence and strength of her character evidences the fruitful quality of her spirit which turned all her experiences into deeper womanliness and more sympathetic wifehood and motherhood.

She was the daughter of that pioneer of pioneers, Erastus Snow. Her mother, Elizabeth Ashby, accompanied this great leader on his earliest Utah pioneering experiences. Libby was born on the 24th of March, 1854, in a comfortable adobe home built by her father on Second East and First South Streets. When Apostle Erastus Snow was called to settle the Red Sand Desert Valley, below the rim of the Basin, he took his wife Elizabeth and her three children on this momentous pioneering trip, and was accompanied by some of the choicest men and women of Salt Lake City.

Erastus Snow left Salt Lake on the first of November, 1861. Most of the wagons were drawn by ox teams, and there were cows and chickens in the outfit, as well as tools and seed grains and fruit and flower seeds. It took one month to reach the Dixie valley. The usual pioneer experiences beset their pathway. There were no roads that could be called roads; rocks and sand and mud and on the upper part of the trip, snow made daily progress slow indeed. One day was spent at Cedar, where a few log houses were already erected as a settlement. On reaching Saint George they found a few persons camped on the east side of that barren valley. There was water there to be dug out of the slough. A spring on the north side of the valley was dug out and enlarged as fast as possible. To the childish memory, that winter was one continuous raining deluge. It seemed as if it rained forty days and nights, and the Rio Virgin and Santa Clara rivers became raging torrents.

In the spring of '62, the settlers moved up on the city plat which had been surveyed by Dr. Ivins and began building homes for their families. The first two years, however, the people as a whole lived in tents. Libby's mother had thoughtfully taken along a rag carpet and a set of dishes, imported from St. Louis, which had never been unpacked.

A pioneer table had been manufactured in the Cedar settlement, and this served not only as a table and a seat, but as a cupboard also. A little later rude chairs were constructed. This was a mission to establish a mission, and all of the pioneers were artisans either within the home as domestic engineers or in the fields and hills as irrigators and wood-choppers and house builders. Apostle Erastus Snow brought an abandoned two-roomed log house from the Tonaquin and set it up in Saint George, where he located his family. His wife Elizabeth entertained the visitors from Salt Lake City first in her tent, then in the log house, and still later when she was domiciled in the large adobe abode, called the Big House, built by her husband six years after he settled in the Saint George valley, and which contained many comfortable rooms, upstairs and downstairs. She always entertained the guests and travelers who came for conference or were passing through to California. In the earliest days there was a bowery outside of her log room and the wagon box was used for emergency sleeping quarters. It was here that Libby's mother entertained President Brigham Young and his party who came down on visits to the new settlement. Then when in December of the year 1872, President Young brought Col. Thomas L. Kane, whom he had met in the East in the trek out from Nauvoo, to spend the winter, accompanied by his wife and two children and by William C. Staines, and also by John W. Young who had brought along a negro cook, President Young asked Apostle Snow about entertaining these distinguished visitors at the Big House. Aunt Libby Snow willingly moved to the basement story, which was comfortably furnished, leaving the two upper floors with roomy sitting rooms, dining room, kitchen, and many cozy bedrooms on the third floor. Two rooms on that floor were made into a sitting room and office or study for Col. Kane. This experienced traveler expressed his genuine pleasure and gratitude when Sister Snow arranged to cook and serve his own meals in his sitting room, leaving the rest of the large party to gather about the long table in the dining room. He was happy in this cozy home and never forgot the friends he made there.

Here Libby grew through the restless cycle of childhood and developing maturity, attending school in the winter and acting as chief help to her busy mother who was an exquisite housekeeper. Libby began teaching school when quite young. About the year 1874 she was urged to go over to Harrisburg and teach the mixed summer school there, as it was difficult to hold school in the winter. Naturally artistic she decorated with the needle her own and others' clothing and household furnishings. For two years she and Annie Woodbury taught the mixed school in the fourth ward of Saint George.

Libby Snow was both the most beautiful and the most popular girl in Saint George during her girlhood years. She was a charming social leader, but was as well a most exemplary exponent of her father's and mother's teachings. When the organization of the Mutual Improvement Association began in Saint George November 18, 1875, Libby Snow became a ward president in that organization. This initial association was quickly followed by others, in Santa Clara, Pine Valley, Pinto, Rockville, Virgin, Toquerville and Panaca, in the order named. When the stake organization was effected, Libby Snow

as made the first stake president, id chose for her counselors Mary oddard Whitehead and Artemesia ow Wooley Seegmiller. These ung officers planned their own ork and spent their time and efrts in a most profitable manner. hey held weekly meetings and had cellent programs. At the meetgs, the usual study of the scripres, interspersed with readings id music, formed the exercises. hen the stake was organized it cessitated considerable traveling, t Libby Snow was equal to every casion. She was a good speaker, ver wasting her hearers' time with atitudes or excuses, but always ving them something definite to ink of and put into practice. When e was beginning this work she ppened to be in a meeting and was nexpectedly invited to the stand by r father to speak to the large asmbly as the representative of the . L. M. I. A. She whispered to her ther that she hadn't a thing to say id he replied in his wise way, "then t the Lord talk through you," and e Lord certainly did bless her on at occasion.

She had grown up with all of the uth of Saint George knowing that ung Anthony W. Ivins was the ading spirit in every boyish enterise and in all youthful adventures. ut not until 1878 did he seek her nd in marriage, although he had en attracted to her, child that he as, when he saw her at her father's mp, going down to Saint George 1861. His heart had been faithful that early impression and when really proposed to the charming rl, he was both gratified and essed in receiving her answer. The ung couple were married Novemr 9, 1878, and lived in the Big ouse with her mother for six onths. Then the bridegroom built comfortable home just below his father's house, a couple of blocks distant from her mother's home, and here they lived for quite a number of years. All but one of her nine children were born here. Her husband was taken into the stake presidency shortly after their marriage under President Daniel D. MacArthur, and here he labored earnestly and efficiently.

In the fall of 1896 Anthony W. Ivins was called to Mexico to take charge of the mission which Elder Erastus Snow had opened up in that distant southern land. Here Libby was very busy in rearing her children and entertaining many visitors both from the north and from Mexico City itself. For some time she served as president of the Relief Society. No one was ever turned away from her door. Everyone was made welcome. She gave her best to all who were sheltered beneath her roof.

In 1908 Anthony W. Ivins was appointed to the apostleship as a special witness of Jesus Christ in this last dispensation. The Church people of Mexico were loath to give him up, for they loved him as brother and father. His love for them had manifested itself in their pioneering responsibilities everywhere, and his splendid business acumen and fine executive ability had kept the wheels of simple government running smoothly.

On returning to Salt Lake City, the Ivins family located at First Avenue for a time and finally purchased the Beebe home in 1921. Sister Ivins has made a home of this house, where her friends are welcomed, her children are administered to, and her husband finds solace and relaxation from the strenuous responsibilities of his office and calling in the Church as First Counselor to President Heber J. Grant.

If a mother's measurement is to

THE IVINS HOME IN MEXICO

be taken by the children whom she has helped to rear to manhood and womanhood, the name of Elizabeth Snow Ivins reaches high into the sky line of achievement during this later decade. Her oldest son, Antoine, is a college graduate and has done much pioneering in his youth and early manhood in Mexico. He was called to act as manager of the plantation in the Sandwich Islands where he had hundreds of men, many of them of foreign birth, to oversee and to use to the best advantage in that difficult mission. He was exceedingly popular in his labor there and has been efficient in his financial administration. In April, 1931, he was called to be one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy and to preside over the Mexican Mission. Her second son, Grant, spent five years in the Japanese mission—three years as president. He published Talmage's *Articles of Faith* in Japanese and had the translation of the *Doctrine and Covenants* ready for publication when he returned home. As a graduate of the U. A. C. in agronomy he is a most popular and successful head of that department in the Brigham Young University at Provo. The third son, Stanley, is an alumnus of Ames College, and on his return home he engaged in business activity, and is now manager of the Clayton Investment Company. All the daughters have married well known, rising men in the Church.

In the evening of her life, this pioneer wife and mother looks back upon the past with a true conception of life's values, with deep gratitude for her parentage, for her husband and family, for her friends and especially for the lessons of life which the Gospel of Jesus Christ has engraved upon her pliant and finely attuned mind and spirit.

Keeping Up With Sonny

By C. E. C.

Parents and Grandparents Become College Mates of Their Children

"MY name is Denby." There was an expectant look in the little man's rather tired grey eyes that made me wonder what I was supposed to register at mention of the name.

"You wished to enquire about Freshman English?"

"I want to take it. You're the teacher, aren't you? I guess you don't remember Erwin? Erwin Denby is my boy. He took English from you three years ago."

My mind began flipping the pages of dog-eared roll books and trying to photograph the crowded rows of freshmen that Room 145 L had imprisoned for me three years ago.

"He is tall and slim and went out for track." My floundering had been detected and a life-line was being thrown out.

"Oh, yes, yes, of course," I lied, justifying myself on the grounds of the expectancy in the tired eyes. "How is Erwin? What is he doing now?"

"He's coming back to finish next year, but he stayed out the spring quarter to work in his uncle's store. That's how I was able to come to Summer School to brush up a little, and get a few credits to renew my certificate."

"You're a teacher, then."

"Yes. I've taught for fifteen years—out in Koosharum — ever since Erwin was five. I've been wanting to come back here and take some work for a long time. You see, I attended this school years ago when it was the B. Y. Academy, and this is my first chance to come back. We've had a real job getting our children through high school and giving Erwin a few years here in college."

The fact that Erwin Denby's father had at last achieved an ambition, and was in college—following in Erwin's footsteps — probably would not have specially interested me, had it not been that the very next person who desired information about my Freshman English class, proved to be the mother of Kenneth Vane. Kenneth had written freshman masterpieces for me no longer ago than the quarter just ended, and I am acquainted with Mrs. Vane, who keeps a students' rooming house a few blocks from the campus to help earn the college expenses of Kenneth and his sisters.

"I'm just taking a class or two this summer," she confided, "to kinda keep along with the children and make it easier to understand the students' problems."

When the father of Marion Carlton introduced himself on that same registration day, and told me he had come in from Vernal for Summer School so he could be with Marion a few weeks and to brush up a little in accounting, I began to wonder how general this movement of "keeping up with sonny" might be.

THE next day when I met my classes, I made mental note of the generous sprinkling of bald and silver heads among the bobbed and

added to the little questionnaire I give my students to fill out the first day, the question:

Who of your immediate family have attended, or are attending, this or some other college or university?

Tabulation of these answers revealed what I had surmised, that many of my students were parents—a few of them grandparents—of college sons and daughters. Later I learned that one member of my Freshman English was the mother of ten children and had one grandchild; that she was using the text one of her sons had used in English I the year before; that one of her daughters, who had been teaching a couple of years, was back in college picking up a few hours to complete graduation requirements. They studied together; attended assembly together, and were companions at the Summer School socials. A younger daughter, who would be in college the next year, was acting as housekeeper for the family while her mother went to school.

OBSERVATION of the entire student body led me to conclude that my classes were quite typical. Of the four hundred summer school students, a noticeable number were middle-aged men and women, and casual conversations with many of them proved that among the group were a surprising number of parents of college students.

The summer session would naturally draw a larger percentage of older students than the regular quarters since its curriculum is especially prepared to fit the needs of teachers. But an interview with the registrar informed me that even during the winter terms many parents, particularly mothers, enroll for a course or two. I was given a list of the names of more than forty mothers who have taken work rather regularly during the past few years. Of these, thirteen have received their bachelor's and four their master's degrees. One who took her master's degree at the same commencement exercises that her daughter received her A. B., explained to me why and how she had done it.

"When I was married, I hadn't finished high school; I lacked a unit and a half. Since I was living in a community where I could easily avail myself of school opportunities I finished up that work. Then one day I read an article entitled: 'The Wife and Mother in the Background'. It pictured a family in which the wife had unselfishly sacrificed her personal advancement to help her husband and children ahead, only to find in the end that they had passed out of her narrow world into an intellectual realm she was not capable of entering, and that they failed to appreciate what she had done for them. They were brilliant successes; she was a pathetic failure in the background.

"That article helped me to a determination to keep at least in the dust of my family.

"After I had once set up an objective, I managed to take a course or two almost every year, either regularly, or, when the babies were small, by correspondence. On my eighteenth wedding anniversary, I donned the cap and gown that had been luring me from the distance.

"I had not dreamed that I should ever go beyond an A. B.; but, you see, by that time, I had sort of acquired the habit of studying and enjoying college contacts; and decided it would be rather nice to be graduated with Helen."

"Do you plan to go on for your Ph. D.?" I asked her.

"Well," she replied laughing, "you never can tell what these modern mothers and grandmothers may try. It's great fun—this keeping up with the family. I was just wondering last night if I dared challenge my freshman son to a race for a doctor's degree."

One of the grandmother students I interviewed, a beautiful little woman with snow-white hair, but with a body as straight and quick as a boy's, told me that she had always been particularly interested in scientific courses.

"You see," she explained, "I belong to a family of doctors. My father, two of his brothers, three of my cousins, my husband and two of our three sons are all physicians. I have no brothers and father always encouraged us girls along scientific lines. Then, too, my husband makes Nature his religion. I think that explains why I have taken more courses in scientific subjects than in anything else."

This little woman has studied botany, zoology, geology and related subjects. About six years ago she attended the summer session of the university which is conducted in the mountains back of an Alpine-like glacier. Here she devoted most of her time to a course in botany with Dr. Coles from the University of Chicago, climbing, as she told me with pardonable pride, to the top of Mt. Timpanogos, nearly twelve thousand feet, several times.

"And you were a grandmother at that time, weren't you?" I asked.

"My goodness, yes. Let me see, how many—well, I don't recall just how many grandchildren there were then, but we have twenty now."

Her four daughters and three sons have been her college mates, and she confided to me that she is looking forward to studying with a favorite grandson who has unusual scientific interests for a youngster.

"I can see that your interests have not all been confined to science," I commented, looking about appreciatively at the fine paintings and shelves of classical books that surrounded us as we sat in her charming living room.

"Oh, no. I have taken history and literature to get a background for the two trips we have had to Europe. We spent one year in Europe and were there again when the War broke out. To get much out of trips like that, you have to prepare for them. Then I have three artist relatives who see to it that I don't neglect the aesthetic side of my education too much. But then, I just think every subject is wonderful." A sixteen year-old girl couldn't have spoken more enthusiastically. "It seems to me that there isn't anything in the world that isn't interesting, and I expect to go on studying as long as I live."

Another of these grandmother co-eds is almost sixty and must weigh more than two hundred pounds. She is the mother of ten children. Her youngest son, she told me, was doing graduate work at Stanford University, and a married daughter, herself a mother, attends college also.

"No, I am not taking a regular course," this grandmother replied in answer to a question. "I just come up and take a class now and then when I can; just so I'll sort of know what the young people are doing and thinking. This summer it is particularly easy for me to

come. You see, Father has taken to golf and gets up at five o'clock every morning; so I get up too and arrange things so I can come up with Mary. She's finishing up for her degree. You see, she married very young and now she's trying to make up for some of the opportunities she neglected."

I asked what her family thought about her going to school.

"Oh, father and the children take it as a sort of joke. They think it's a harmless hobby—going to school at my age, and awkward as I am at getting around; but really I think they're right proud of me. The grandchildren appreciate it anyway. It keeps me interested in real things so I don't have time to get critical and fussy as many grandmothers do. And then I really help them in lots of ways. You see, most of their mothers are very busy with their homemaking and with a good many more social duties than I take on; so when the children need help with a lot of little things, why they come to me. Just the other day I learned something in a sociology class that was just what my little granddaughter needed for her Sunday School lesson."

"No, indeed!" she declared emphatically, when I asked if she had any idea of ceasing to "take classes as she could". "I'll keep coming as long as I am able to get around; and after that"—She paused a moment and then finished exultantly as if a wonderful thought had somehow floated down to her from the walls of the library building on the steps of which we sat, "Why, after that, I can take correspondence work—and the grandchildren can read to me—if my eyes fail."

Such are the attitudes of these mothers and grandmothers who are finding something more engrossing than bridge to fill up the leisure of middle life.

One mother of four sons and a daughter, two of them college graduates, two others now in the ranks, the youngest a junior in high school, said:

"It's the most engrossing pastime in the world—this going to college with your sons and daughters. I started in with Bill. He now has a fine position in a Federal Bank in Washington. Then I took some classes with Emma: she signed her second high school contract this spring. Last year I competed in eugenics with Thornton, and in history with Claude. I've been in college ten years. In five more, if all goes well, I hope to be graduated with Gordon, my baby."

IF I should try to sum up seriously the advantages of graduate study to parents as revealed in the optimistic reactions of these persons who are experimenting with it, I should probably have a statement something like this: *First*: It keeps the mind and soul from becoming dead wood. Longfellow, when asked in his old age how he had kept his agility of mind, pointed to a gnarled apple tree near his study window and replied; "I take a lesson from that tree. Every year I contrive to study enough to produce sufficient new wood to put forth fresh blossoms. Without this new wood there could be no blossoms. But with it the blossoms on that old tree are as fragrant as those on the young strippling across the lawn." *Secondly*: It sends old age scurrying into an undreaded future, and robs him of his hideousness. Parents and grandparents who are "following the gleam," who are growing old youthfully by the means of con-

tinuous education may sing with Ulysses:

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;.
* * *
Some work of noble worth may yet be done;
* * *
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world;
* * *
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Or with Rabbi Ben Ezra:
"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life
For which the first was made."

Thirdly: It builds a bridge of sympathy and understanding between the old generation and the new, over which the heritages of the past may be borne. When the men and women of yesterday and today will keep abreast with the men and women of tomorrow in the progressive march of education, then there will be no tragedy or pathos as "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Why Mourn Ye?

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

It shall not be an everlasting night;
For, behold! the day cometh with the dawn;
Then shall the righteous stand forth in His light;
Then shall the redeemed be like the newborn.

Oh death! where is thy sting to reborn man?
Oh, grave! where is thy victory today?
This body in corruption lives its span;
But evil never can the spirit stay.

When mortal dust shall have slept out its time,
When this earth shall have run its course through space,
Then shall our God's holy fire refine;
And resurrected men stand face to face.

Why mourn ye then, oh thou spirit of man?
We live in hope and lay us down in trust.
Our faith in Christ has broken every ban,
A perfect one did rise from mortal dust.

Babes-in-the-Woods

By Ruth Moench Bell

II

DAVE really should not have insisted on moving the new pullets into their beautiful big "Mosque," as he called the new coop he had built. Lesceline could see that in his boyish eagerness to see how they would look in the new coop, he could not wait till the roof was on.

"I can easily get it on before a storm comes," he explained, "and those pullets are altogether too crowded. They are growing so fast."

"If you hammer over their heads, won't it startle them and make them "huddle" or whatever you call it?" Lesceline protested.

"Oh, they'll get used to it," Dave felt confident.

Lesceline said no more but offered to help move them. To her surprise, she found that she could hold a wriggling, squawking pullet by one leg, as Dave showed her, while it curled up around her hand and tried its best to get away. To help Dave she even managed to hold four pullets in each hand and carry them to the "mosque." When all were housed, she caught some of Dave's enthusiasm. The slim white young pullets with their shapely bodies, looked like the white pullet cover on the dish that had been her grandmother's.

"They look very dainty in their white pine dwelling," she said. "If vestal virgins in white were supposed to walk about in a mausoleum, I'd call this a white—" Lesceline checked herself. Calling this a white tomb sounded rather ominous.

Lesceline drove the 1918 mode Ford to town with the eggs and t get the feed, so that Dave coul work on the roof. The new pulle must be protected now before storm arose. Lesceline had tw punctures on the way. Fords o that vintage did not carry an extr wheel with a tire all ready for us No man happened along to help fi the tires, so dusk came down befor Lesceline drove into the yard. Sh was feeling tired, hungry and cros Dave might at least have hurried ou to meet her.

However, all thoughts of sel vanished when Lesceline opened th kitchen door and caught one glimps of Dave's tragic face. A blazin fire was roaring in the range, kettle of water were steaming, and befor one kettle stood Dave dipping chicken into the feathery broth Lesceline stared. The young cock erels had long since been separate from the pullets and had been eate or sold. Lesceline, startled, saw tub half full of pullets in the mid dle of the room. What massacre wa this? At least twenty pullets lay i the tub.

The sight of the bloody necks, th fumes of the steaming feathers wa sickening to Lesceline. "Why, Dave what's the matter," she asked.

"They huddled as soon as started hammering," Dave cried "Why weren't you here to kee them from huddling? I can't b expected to do it all."

"I had two punctures," Lesceli said softly. She might have tol him that the trip was not exactly pleasant one. She might have tol him that she had warned him agains

this. Instead, she got an apron and prepared to help. She knew how dismayed Dave must feel over the slaughtering of his pullets. One might kill cockerels with a good grace, but pullets meant poultry profit.

"What are you going to do with them, dear," she asked, trying to smother the sickening feeling that was almost more than she could endure.

"I cut their heads off at once," Dave replied. "They are—are just as good to eat—as if—as if they had been—"

"You wouldn't sell them, though. It wouldn't be honorable."

"As if a person could sell them, way out here. The Association isn't shipping any more, anyhow. We can store them in the cold basement, and eat them ourselves. We can't afford to waste them. I cut their heads off instantly and let them bleed plenty," Dave defended.

"Twenty Pullets!" Then at sight of his face. "Oh, yes, of course. If I remember right, you ate two or three at each meal. That would be about six a day for you alone," Lesceline laughed gaily. "I'll help you, Dave."

"Pullets are lots more tender and delicious than—cockerels," Dave cried, quite as though he had slaughtered them on purpose. "You hold them this way, and yank the long feathers out from the tail and wing first." He did not evince any surprise that Lesceline was subduing her natural repugnance and helping him. "Then you pull the other feathers out in—well, in reverse gear, sort of peel them off.

Though she felt like holding her nose or clamping a clothes pin on it, though the steaming feathers were acting like a feather duster and seemed to be in her stomach, going around and around and up and down, Lesceline made no complaint. She must help poor Dave. This was not exactly what the world's greatest architect had meant to do with his leisure. She had temporarily deflected him from his course and owed it to him to help him back to his goal, even though the road led through a tangled forest of steaming chicken feathers.

Soon Lesceline was doing two to Dave's one, and the feather-duster motion in her stomach had subsided. At least, she would not have to draw them. Dave could do five or six at a time as they were needed. Then she would fry them, and afterwards at table pick at a piece or two so Dave would never know that her appetite for chicken was destroyed forever.

However, much to her surprise, as the days went by, Lesceline found that she could eat fried chicken with a relish that amazed her. Their frying fragrance was a relief from the deadly stench of the hot-dog and hamberger stands, at which Dave and she had pretended to enjoy eating, after they had given up 'living at the best hotels.'

* * * * *

A storm seemed to be brewing, so Dave hurried to the Association to get a plentiful supply of feed and deliver the eggs. Lesceline did not care to accompany him in the rickety old car over the long, rough roads. A heavy blizzard began to blow, supper time came, and Dave did not return. Sensing that he probably had had tire trouble, and would be famished for food, Lesceline went to the basement for the two last undrawn pullets. There was nothing else in the house to cook. It took courage, plus loyalty, a spread paper, and a sharp knife. A nose high in the air was not actually necessary, but Lesceline did not seem to be able to work otherwise.

Though the chicken were fried, and the table set, Dave did not come. She had only given the chickens "scratch"—what were those other things—she had heard Dave babble of — calcide, mash — the "dry —" Was that Dave driving into the yard? There was something queer about the way he drove. He had not carried his heavy coat with him —and an icy blizzard had been blowing for some time. He was probably terribly chilled and numbed, Lesceline concluded, staring at him as he nearly fell out of the car and literally staggered up the steps.

"I wish you'd go with me, Les, to feed the flock," Dave spoke unsteadily. "I feel horribly sick. I— I can't get my breath at all."

Apprehensively, Lesceline went along. "I'd give anything for a long sleep tomorrow," Dave murmured, "If anything should happen to me" —How many times those words came into Lesceline's mind thereafter— "I thought maybe if you'd pay close attention—and learn to take care of them—just this once— I'd try sleeping till noon. Maybe I can sleep this off."

When they returned to the house, Dave, his face as white as blanched celery, his hand shaking so that he scrawled all over the paper, wrote out minute directions for the care of his hens. Refusing to eat, Dave dragged himself off to bed, while Lesceline, in mute anxiety could say nothing.

Long before morning, Dave had gone into that strange land of delirium alone. As if the wires were down, Lesceline could get no message through to him to let him know that she loved him and was suffering cruelly with his pain. When he had sat at the table to write instructions for her, he must have known that he was going to be seriously ill.

With terror gripping her heart, Lesceline listenend to his agonized breathing. It could have been heard outside the house. Only one thing could make a person breathe like that—only one thing could get a person down so swiftly and surely. "Pneumonia." Once she had nursed —or helped nurse—a little brother through the dread disease. "Nothing more treacherous," she had heard the doctor say, and then had ensued weeks of terrifying vigils.

There was no doctor for miles— no telephone—no neighbors. She might have risked leaving Dave and driving the roadster for a doctor— but for the rickety Ford—never had they had less than two punctures on any trip on its weary tires. She could not risk leaving him indefinitely like that. In his delirium he would be up and out to those hens he was muttering about. If she could only get it over to him that she would be faithful—faithful to them as to him.

Lesceline crawled out of bed. She would have to take the lantern and go out in the dark to the wood-pile and chop some wood and make a fire. He must have a mustard plaster on his chest at once. And then some kind of vaporizer must be fixed up for him to breathe— something warm and moist.

She got out into the kitchen, the table was still set for Dave's supper. She had been too worried to clear up. Would he ever eat there again? And there were Dave's directions scrawled on the paper—"The mash is in that barrel in the middle of the coop—see that the hoppers are always full. You will find the calcide—" Lesceline could see no more through her tears. How ill he must have felt as he sat there—she put her hands to her face to shut out the memory.

She crawled into Dave's bath robe. Would she ever feel his arms

about her again? How still the night was—and black—even the light snow that had come with the blizzard did not relieve the dense blackness. How lonely the kettle hummed, after she had got the fire going. Days and night of this—and even then—no—she must not think of that. After putting the steaming plaster on Dave's chest, Lesceline went back and cleared off the table. At any time—no one ever knew with pneumonia—! She must keep the house exquisitely clean. If anything happened to Dave—when people came and found them there—.

Lesceline tacked the instructions up on the wall. Dave's last precious words. She would need to consult them again and again. Work, loneliness, vigils, faith, prayers! Hours, days, minutes that seemed ages! Lesceline dared not sleep, except at fitful intervals when Dave seemed easier. Before Dave's illness, after long trips to town, even when Dave stood beside her chopping wood, the dark shadows around the wood-pile filled her with terror. To hold a candle for Dave at night in the large hen-house, while he took the setters off their nests, made shudders creep over her. Suppose someone should be lurking there in the shadows.

Now if someone had stepped out of the darkness, she would have welcomed him and begged him to come in and watch with her over Dave. No one could be so wicked as to refuse. She formed Dave's habit of talking to the hens, except that she could not joke with them or tease them. Her words were more likely to be: "Oh, do you think he will recover? Will he ever come out here and cuddle you again?"

Fortunately, Dave had brought a plentiful supply of feed for the chicks. She could gather the eggs, but they must wait—till—would Dave's parents or hers ever wonder why there were no letters—would they wonder enough to come to see? Lesceline went mechanically from task to task—routine—blessed routine—Dave—the chicks—the housework. She went through a regular schedule—feeling that her mind was failing but that her body would go on working through the routine—go on even if she slept as she walked.

The crisis of the disease had come. Lesceline sat beside Dave fearful of moving lest her faith should fail him. Her head would drop forward and she would bring it back with a jerk—and then move about the room again to defy nature to trick her into sleep when Dave was fighting for life. She felt that she was standing with her back against a dread door that might swing open at any moment and let them both through. Alternately she prayed, "Dear God, keep him here with me," and cried fiercely, "Dave, Dave, you shan't go through."

And Dave nestled in her arms presently, as she sank with a sob beside him. The struggle was over—the fever spent—delirium was gone. He was white, weak and terribly shaken, but his breathing was easy and he dozed off into a restful sleep. Lesceline laid him back on his pillow. It would not do to chill him with a deluge of tears.

She put on his bath-robe. It was almost like feeling his arms about her again. Then she went out to the hen-house and told them sobbingly that Dave was better. He would be with them again. They looked at her in wonder, their heads cocked wisely on one side. The hoe Dave had raked the litter to the front of the coop with, stood where he had left it that last time. Lesceline kissed the handle he had held.

She sank down exhausted on the

floor—the hens, awed into silence, eyed her curiously. Crooning their most contented lullabies, some of the more inquisitive hens pecked idly at the ivory buttons on her slippers. With prayers of gratitude in her heart, Lesceline must have slept from sheer exhaustion, for hens were all over her when she awoke. She drew two of them against her cheeks, as she had seen Dave do that day, so long ago—it seemed. Going back to the house, she found that Dave was awake and calling for her.

"I'd give a dollar for some chicken broth and maybe a mite of white meat," he said weakly. "Do you suppose just a little would hurt me?"

Lesceline was sure that it wouldn't, and told him he should have it in a very little while. He must try to sleep till she woke him with a bowl of steaming broth with tiny bits of white meat and noodles in it. She kissed him lightly on the forehead and went out to face what she had never supposed she could possibly do.

She looked long at the culls in their battery brooder. Dave had a long wire, looped on one end, with which he snared them. The wire was hanging by the brooder. It looked murderous. She would open the door, poke the wire in, catch a cull, bring it out to the front of the coop—and then close the door. She was no longer afraid to handle them. She had even learned to place a hand on either side of the old setters, lift them off their nests and put them on the roosts or in the special coop.

She would hold the chicken which she was to kill, firmly that way, with her hands on its wings, so that it could not flop. Then she would lay its head very gently on the chopping block—and then—" Oh, I can't," she faltered. But Dave was weak. He must get his strength. She must not fail him now. There was no other way. She must do it. She shuddered.

A chicken was just a vegetable—Dave had said so—a mere carrot. She laid its neck on the chopping block and gripped the hatchet tight. Fortunately the hatchet was sharp. Dave always kept his tools in condition. She was about to cut off a carrot top. But carrots do not squawk and roll their eyes reproachfully. Lesceline decided to close her own eyes while she did the dread deed. She steeled herself and raised the hatchet.

Was she, too, going off into a delirium? A hand was closing over hers. A man's hand. A man stood beside her—his foot by hers. If Dave had dared—she turned to look.

"Darling — Oh — M r. — O h — Dave's dad."

"Here, let me take that? Thumbs have gone off that way," he said.

Lesceline went weak in his arms and he carried her into the house. David Blaine laid her very tenderly on the couch.

"Look here, Emily. See what I found in the back yard with her eyes closed trying to whack off a chicken's head."

Lesceline knew she must look ridiculous in Dave's big bathrobe. Someone who smelled deliciously of violets was crying tears all over her face and holding her close. "You poor little thing," she was saying. "You brave little thing." Lesceline felt that it was heavenly just to relax and cry too.

"If you're through mooning in there," Dave called irritably, "hurry up with that chicken broth."

"He's better. He's better," Dave's mother laughed. "When they get cross—"

Lesceline looked about at the neat room. "I'm glad I kept the house so clean each day that if he—if strangers came and found us here —"

"Darling, what you have been through!" Emily Blayne cried humbly.

"Well, Emily," David Blayne stood in the doorway. He had been alternately trying to make a fire, swallowing cotton and blowing his nose—without any other sign of a cold—"I—don't you think our 'babes' have emerged from 'the woods'?"

My Little Friend

By Estella Wilson Peterson

I have a little friend that come to me,
From time to time we meet and feast together;
In her kindly way she always makes me see
And breaks the trails for all my weak endeavors.

If I am sad, with verse or prose my little friend
Will drop for me a gem of consolation rare;
From her I've learned how wonderful it is to send
The best you have for all the world to share.

She tells me stories that show to me life's ways
When worldly cares seem much too big for me;
And if I spend a tiny hour a day
With her—more of life's beauties I can see.

She tells me truths about a prophet dear,
One who has guided you and me by heavenly power;
She pleads with me, my Father's voice to hear,
And teaches me to seek Him every hour.

She shows me pictures of the sweetest faces,
Women who've lived worthy of all praise;
Women filled with the radiance of God's graces,
Sweet loyal daughters of these latter days.

I smile to think my little friend can show me
The kind of foods my loved ones should eat,
For sometimes I'm so overworked and busy
The food I'd feed them might be overfilled with sweets.

Since I met my little friend I find it easy
To understand my child and others too,
When children get cross and over teasy
My little friend just shows me what to do.

And best of all 'tis this I want to tell you
Of the lessons she so aptly gives to me;
Wonderful courses of study she points to
In literature, social service and theology.

Perhaps you've guessed already who my friend is,
And maybe she has been a friend to you;
May I introduce to you Miss Relief Society Journal,
With a wish that you will love her as I do?

Margaret Irvine Leatham

By Annie Wells Cannon

"Oh fair are youth and strength; but fairer yet
The face of age when sculptured by a soul
Where love of God and man have held control
And wrought no line that wisdom could regret."

A BEAUTIFUL woman was Grandma Leatham, even after she was 94 years old. Love of God and man was her daily creed, and always her comely presence and smiling countenance radiated joy and cheer where'er she passed. A truly great woman was Grandma Leatham, for she took the common things of life and walked nobly among them.

In far away Scotland where she was born she was called a "bonni lass" and many are the tales he dear ones had to tell of her beauty her goodness and her courage. On oft repeated story was that on summer night after the long strol over the heather with her youn lover when she returned to th thatched cottage, her face aglov with love light in her soft brow eyes she told the "gude folks" tha she and "Jeemie" had plighted thei

troth and would be married right away, because James was to leave in a few days for America.

The gospel message had come to Lanarkshire, their native town, and the Leathams, and the Irvines, and the Hunters, and other families, had heard and believed and were anxious to gather to Zion and partake of the blessings of their new found faith. They knew it meant separation from dear ones, and hallowed things, they knew it meant sacrifice, but they were ready and willing.

So they were married, this maid of sixteen summers, the youth a trifle older. Her courage when he left her was typical of all the years of her long life. She looked always forward, undaunted, to a brighter day beyond.

Two years passed and between them they had saved enough to make it possible for her to follow to the "Promiesd Land."

ON a bleak cold day in the spring of 1856 she left her native land. Every rock and flower, every sparkling stream and shimmering lake was dear to her heart, but she fought back the welling tears, knowing full well that forward was her fate though the path be perilous and untrod.

Steerage passage in a sailing vessel meant weeks tossing over the turbulent Atlantic, mid scenes and associations scarcely to be endured. Endure them she did, however, and proved herself a ministering angel among this motley throng. Here, at this early period developed in the soul of Margaret Leatham that "touch of human kindness that makes the whole world kin."

She discovered in herself an aptitude for nursing. Days and nights she spent helping the almost helpless women care for their little ones, and assisting the ship's doctor deliver the new born. So helpful was she that the doctor told her, even at this early age that she would make a good midwife and nurse.

AMERICA at last, and then the journey across the states to the frontier. As had been previously planned before embarking, the British companies this year would fashion for themselves small carts, to hold the necessary belongings, which they would push over the plains, walking themselves the whole long journey. So they came, several hundred of them, trudging along, at first full of song and mirth and determination, but as the weeks advanced and provisions fell short, many faltered. It seemed there had been a miscalculation of time or else the storms this year came earlier. There was much distress of mind and great physical suffering. These zealous people knew little, or almost nothing, of the perils of such an undertaking, but having started, they saw nothing else to do but push on as best they could towards their goal.

There was need for the young and strong to shoulder the burdens, to lighten the loads, to put heart into the wavering souls, who sometimes felt they would rather die than try to take another step. Margaret Leatham was straight and strong and young. She waited on the aged, she nursed the sick, she carried the little children across the rivers, making many trips back and forth and one night when a little babe was born on the frozen ground in a defile near the head of Echo Canyon she was able to do for that poor mother, the part of nurse and doctor and she praised her Heavenly Father for the knowledge she had gained while helping the doctor on the ship.

In her quaint Scotch accent she

often related many a pleasant story or sung a ballad to brighten the somber days of that never to be forgotten journey, while onward she pressed with forward look and hope serenely placed.

UNITED in the valley with her husband the two young people began to build a home. Pioneer life with all its hardships and inconveniences, has also its pleasures and compensations. Cooperation in work, neighborly kindness, friendly hospitality and willingness to lend a helping hand or share the meager meal all tend to bring happiness and good cheer. Such was the nature of the home life of this goodly couple.

In Aunt Margaret's garden grew fruits and sweet herbs which she well knew how to prepare into savory foods and medicines to take to the sick or aged friend, where her services were often needed. Though she began her practice of midwifery when doctors were few, she continued in this service to within a few weeks of her death. At first it was a necessity among the people that called for her ministrations, but later it was choice, for those who knew her preferred her skill to any other. She went to all alike and gave them the best she had. She demanded no pay from the poor, and from those who had plenty only accepted a small remuneration. During the long years of her practice she delivered nearly 4,000 women, scarcely having any misfortune and then the trouble was due to other causes than the confinement.

For seventy years she lived in the home her husband provided when they first decided to live in Salt Lake City. It was humble, comfortable, not richly furnished, and yet she might have acquired wealth, but her charities were many and her wants were few. Twelve children were born to Brother and Sister Leatham, seven perceding them in death. The following five sons and daughters survive John and William A. Leatham, Margaret L. Pitt, Alice L. Kesler, and Sarah L. Woolley; also sixteen grandchildren, twenty-three great-grand children and two great great grandchildren. A large and fine posterity to honor the good works and revere the memory of their pioneer parentage. She was a consistent Latter-day Saint serving humbly in the Relief Society, never seeking office. She was a good citizen and appreciated fully the right of suffrage. She kept herself posted on public affairs and was an ardent believer in women taking part in political matters. Mrs. Leatham served as a municipal and county election judge in every election in Salt Lake from 1856 until the last election before her death, having the distinction of being the oldest election judge at the polls.

At the age of 87 she made a trip to Alaska to visit a grandson, who was superintendent of a mine in that far away land.

To have lived almost a century and through all those years to have been a friend in need, to have retained a perfect memory, to have not lost the luster of the eye, nor the sense of sound, to have a sympathetic understanding of human nature is indeed a marvel. To have known and associated with such a woman is indeed an honor. Blessed be her memory.

Margaret Irvine Leatham was born January 3rd. 1837, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. She died July 8, 1931, aged 94.

"Lynette, One of the Lilies That Bloom in My Pool

A Woman-Made Lily Pond

By Maud Chegwidden

OH, how I longed for a lily pool! How I yearned to see the azure sky reflected with its floating clouds on a tiny body of water of my own! How I hungered for the sight of pale pink water lilies on the liquid breast, of golden finny creatures gliding about the mysterious depths! I wanted it so badly that I really ached with longing. But that was nothing to the ache I developed in my back when I later got well into the actual making of the pool.

Yes, I decided that if I was to have my pool, I should have to make it myself, even though I were nothing but a poor, weak woman.

I chose a beautiful torrid day in July on which to commence my digging—which probably goes to prove how inferior is the feminine mind. I dug out a shallow depression, roughly circular and about five feet in diameter. By the time I got the excavating done, it seemed five miles in diameter. Then I went in to fix the baby's bottle and do two or three dozen of the minor jobs with which all housewives fritter away their time.

The next day I scraped away a little more earth, for I knew my excavation should be two feet deep in the center and should slope saucer-like to the edge. All the time that the perspiration was pouring from me, under the rays of that July sun, I cheered myself with the thought of the sylph-like figure I was acquiring at the same time. Then I went in to fix the baby's bottle and rest myself with a few hour's ironing.

By the third day my rudimentary pool was fully twelve inches deep at the center, and by the same token I had come to the end of the fairly loose surface soil and had introduced myself to the simon-pure adobe which lurked underneath. Dynamite seemed to be urgently needed here, but I hadn't even a pickax—nothing but the family shovel with a blunt edge.

After striving in vain to make a lasting impression in the virgin hardpan, I filled the depression with water and went in to fix the baby's

bottle until the water slowly soaked into the reluctant earth.

In this manner my operations continued, alternately soaking the water in, and scraping the yellow clay out. I must be losing ten pounds a day, I was sure. Trade in arnica, sprain remedies and liniment at the local drug store perked up surprisingly, and various masculine peddlers, solicitors and bond salesmen came into the yard intending to sell but walked out again hurriedly, thankful to get away before I became violent.

Eventually, however, the potential pool was ready for its cement lining. I had bags of cement delivered from the lumber merchant's, and a load of gravel and another of sand was brought to me by a farmer who merely had to scoop it out of the Jordan river. Yes, we have a small stream with this auspicious name, in Utah.

Here I was seized with one of my most brilliant ideas. We had some old, broken cement paving lying around doing nothing in the yard, and it occurred to me that I might use pieces of this to pave my pool, filling in the interstices with home made cement. Laboriously I carried the broken blocks into place, skinning my remaining undamaged fingers and dropping a few on my toes by way of variety. It had been a marvelous idea! I wouldn't need half the quantity of cement now, to join up the islands already in place.

The cement mixing was a most intriguing job. I did it in the washtub, and one of my biggest comforts was that I simply couldn't have a washday until my concrete was all laid. I never did like wash days.

I put seven shovels of gravel into the tub, then one of cement; I continued until the tub was about half full, then I turned them over and over until the mixture looked an even color, before I added water and turned the mass over and over again. I had for years been looking back sadly on the passing of my happy mud pie days, and now here they were back again.

When the mixture was about the same consistency as the cream of wheat which formed the baby's breakfast, thick enough not to run, I flopped it, shovelful by shovelful, into the spaces between the broken paving stones, pushing it into place with my fingers. Oh yes, thank you, I had a trowel, but I was so awkward with it and so handy with my hands! And everybody knows that hand-made articles are superior.

I must have mixed close to a million washtubs of cement and stuffed and packed it in till I became dizzy. The July sun blazed on and on, and I thought I would have to walk blindfold the rest of my life. Standing upright became agony. Meanwhile, I continued to fix the baby's bottle, to scrub and bake, to darn and patch and make strawberry jam.

At last, however, all of the cement was in place and nicely smoothed out, and into the edge I pressed flat rocks, in as natural an appearance as I could achieve. If I had lost any weight during the manual labor, I now regained it all with interest, I became so inflated with pride over my handiwork.

Allowing three days for the cement to harden, I turned the hose into my pool, breathless with anxiety to see if it held water. It didn't. With horrible rapidity the water disappeared. Poor innocent creature that I was, I had forgotten the finishing coat of rich cement which would make it watertight.

This coat was mixed with one part cement and three parts sand, and was applied with the shovel, the broom, my hands, and any other

tool which seemed to fill the need. This overcoat was one inch in thickness, and then to make doubly sure of its holding water a final trimming was applied of pure cement, mixed to the consistency of paint, and applied with the broom.

When all was dry, my pool held water, and the town was scarcely big enough to hold me. How proud I was. Who wouldn't be? All of the water in my new pool, however, must be bailed out with buckets lest there be lime which would disagree with the fish. Placing a drain in the pool had been beyond my powers.

A trip up the canyon for rich black mountain soil gave me the necessary earth for the future water lilies, for success with which one needs a foot of earth and a foot of water. Over the earth I spread a coating of clean sand, like icing on a cake, designed to keep the water of crystal clearness.

All was in readiness now for the infant goldfish, which had been housed in a two quart fruit jar since their purchase at the five-and-ten, a few days before. What a philanthropist I felt, as I turned the bright little creatures from their prison jar into the wide, wide world of the pool. Water lilies were to come later.

How much pleasure we have had from this little pool! In the midst of summer one feels cool just by looking at its silvery surface, and in the moonlight it is a thing to inspire a poet. In the five years since I almost broke my back in its manufacture we have had yellow water poppies, amethyst water hyacinths, waxy white water lilies, yellow water lilies, pink and red ones, tall porcupine grass and a few vagabond bulrushes which have to be firmly squashed, or they would take entire possession of the pool.

Our original three goldfish had ten babies the second summer and the children have watched, fascinated, the evolution of many tadpoles. If I couldn't have any other part of a garden, I would have a pool, for—crowning blessing, you don't need to weed a pool!

Midsummer

By Jessie M. Robinson

Hollyhock and dahlia, crimsoned high,
Are bannering the garden's midday sky.

All eagerness of wood and field will soon
Have blazoned in the molten gold of noon.

And summer cries in flaming joy to me
With flash of wing and song of ecstasy;

But I, of middle year, am slow to live,
Remaining dull and cold, with naught to give.

O rouse my torpor, make my noontide yield
A glory like the garden and the field!

But Little Lower Than Angels

By Harrison R. Merrill

IF they wanted to express an opinion regarding hot weather, Old Timers were fond of saying, "It's a hundred 'n ten in the shade, an' they ain't no shade." Or they might say, "It's hot enough to fry aigs." And that's the way it's been this summer.

But this dissertation hasn't as much to do with hot weather as with men; and the Psalmist sang that men were made but "little lower than the angels." By that, I fancy, he meant that men were considerably higher than animals.

The animals, bless their hearts, are more like animated toys than they are like men. Mother Nature wound them up a long time ago—I don't know how many generations—and they have to unwind according to plan. O, it's true that every animal doesn't have to follow in detail the exact pattern that was cut out for his family, but generally speaking he does. He can move around a bit more than a tree, but certainly not more than that little plant called a microbe, but he's a toy in the hands of Nature, just the same.

Nature gave animals, as suits of clothes, shells or feathers or hair or fur or wool or whatnot. Mr. Beaver had fur; Mr. Ram had wool; Mr. Crab had a shell; Mr. Rooster had feathers. The kind Mother even made all necessary arrangements for changes of suits. She tucked a little spring away somewhere within the mechanism in such a manner that automatically it is touched off by the snows of winter or the heat of spring, and, presto! Mr. Rooster or Mr. Beaver has a brand new suit of summer B. V. D.'s or a gorgeous winter turnout of glistening fur. The animal doesn't seem to have anything to do with his haberdashery.

Man was paid a divine compliment when Nature left all such little springs out of his makeup. (It may be that he once had them and got tired of them. Be that as it may, he doesn't seem to have them now, at any rate.) Man has been given a spark of divinity that makes all such mechanistic things unnecessary. He can wear summer suits in the winter, if he wants to, and he can wear sixteen ounce broadcloth on the Fourth of July if he likes. That is, being "little lower than the angels," he is given a vast amount of choice in the matter.

Man must be somewhat of a disappointment to the kind Mater who granted him such liberties. He's like a child without experience. He sometimes does queer things. He must look absurd to the steady eyes that have been watching his antics throughout the ages.

Since man can change his costume to suit his whim, provided he has the necessary coin, he does just that. This very liberty, however, engenders strange notions.

Now Mr. John Beaver looks very much like Mr. Sam Beaver, and moreover, Mr. John wears almost exactly the same sort of suit as Mr. Sam enjoys. He hasn't much choice in the matter, for Mother Nature relieved him of all such perplexities. But Mr. John Brown doesn't look much like Mr. Sam Brown. One is dark the other light; one is slender, the other stout; consequently, since they have a choice, Mr. John Brown wears plaids to camouflage his bean-

stock frame, whereas, on the other hand, Mr. Sam Brown wears stripes running longitudinally hoping that the eye of the spectator will follow the parallel lines up and off into the atmosphere somewhere without taking note of Sam's rotundity.

But with all his powers of choice, Man does not like to look entirely different from his neighbors for fear he will be mistaken for some other animal—therefore, he becomes a stylist. He wants differences, but he also wants similarities. He learns to want similarities in his differences with such fervor that not infrequently he does odd things. Unlike the animals and the women, he doesn't do much about observing the changes in the weather.

Fashion says that the man should wear a suit, a shirt, underwear of some sort, and in addition he must wear a collar, a tie, a pair of hose, garters, and a pair of shoes. To the collegian the garters do not seem a necessity. Fashion goes farther, here in the Occident and says the suit must be made of wool and the whatnots and wherefores of silk or some other substance, according to the weight of the money purse.

When it is a hundred in the shade and there is no shade, the man swelters. If he is forced to remove his coat to save his very life, he apologizes weakly. Being but little lower than the angels, he was built like a god. He was made to stand upright in order that he could get the advantages of cool winds; he was given an epidermis that is the envy of all lower animals—if they have any power of envy. That skin of his is wonderfully made. Perforated with millions of little wells—artesian wells they are in hot weather—it can always keep him cool by the simple process of evaporation. The Man doesn't have to pant like a dog or seek a wallow like a hog. All he needs to do is to stand up or lie down and allow his millions of tiny artesian wells to flow. They will draw off the heat with the water that rises in the form of perspiration.

But man has fallen a victim to fashion. He caps his wells with wool brought from a sheep's back or he obstructs them with silk from some nasty worm's stomach or with cotton from a fluffy boll. Fashion says four thicknesses of clothing over most of his body, and so, he deliberately chooses to look like a lobster fresh from the pot. The heat naturally has no way of escape except through the skin of his face—and perhaps his head, if he has been fortunate enough to lose his hair, the only bit of covering that links him with his neighbors, the animals.

Woman, not having the same weighty opinion of her importance as man, seems to have learned faster. Finding herself without fur or wool or feathers, she pretty well remained without them or has now come to live pretty much without them. In gossamer gowns without sleeves and without collar or tie, she can, on the hottest day, maintain in a perfectly dry state, the powder on her dainty nose. With a million artesian wells open to the air she smiles at a hundred and ten in the shade.

Why some man with ideas does not step forward with some new designs in men's clothing is much of a mystery to me. So long as we have sheep, tarrif on wool, and woolen factories we cannot expect relief from the regular channels. Someone looking for comfort, not coins of the realm, must set the fashion.

Why shouldn't a man have a sleeveless shirt, an open neck, a sun-

tan back if he wants them, I'd like to know? Why shouldn't he, too, wear gossamer and lace, silks and georgettes?

By next summer the new styles may be here—who knows? The man starts out bravely in May wearing his whole ensemble and a very perfect smile, but as June ripens into July and July into August without much relief, his pride of style gives ground before his demand for comfort. His memory some day may last through the winter. In that case he may become properly dressed for summer in June.

My Father

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Though years have passed since last my eyes beheld
His loved form with its noble, silvered head,
It seems a sacrilege—a gross untruth
To say without reserve, "My Father's dead."

Dead? When the single day has yet to dawn
Without its thought, its memory of him!
When tricks of speech, his smile, his voice, his hands—
These images the years can never dim!

When no decision of import be made
Without the thought, "Is this what he'd have done?"
No triumph gained without the wistful cry,
"Does Father know the victory I have won?"

Dead? When each life that ever touched his own
Some sign of that blessed contact surely gives!
Not dead! In countless hearts and thoughts and deeds,
Immortalized, I know my Father lives!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER—Expectant, happy, laughing! Beautiful is the purple haze on the Eastern hills, lonely the sunset glow on the Western sea. The fragrance of ripened peach and apple delight the laughing children on the way to school. Blue asters, clematis and goldenrod brighten the way where labor calls. Vacation days are gone. With hope and energy renewed youth and age alike may say:

"Sacred is the toil,
Dear are the hills of God."

A GRATIFYING element of the Covered Wagon Celebration was the beauty and loyalty of Utah's young men and young women. Go search the world for anything lovelier than Margaret Young as Miss Pioneer.

THE pioneer mother has now been idealized in stone. Oklahoma was the first state to erect a monument in her honor.

EX-CONGRESSWOMAN ALICE ROBERTSON, who died recently, was one of Oklahoma's most beloved characters. In Muskogee where funeral rites were held, flags were half masted and stores were closed during the services while hundreds came especially from the Indian lands as a tribute to her memory.

NO longer need the professional woman dye her beautiful white hair or deny her years to succeed in public life. A leading "Daily" recently printed the pictures of six noted women all over 60 years still successful in their different lines of endeavor, and there are scores of others. Note the list, Jane Addams, 61; Evangeline Booth, 66; Madam Curie, 62; Marie Dressler, 62; Earnestine Schumann-Heink, 70; Minnie Maddern Fiske, 60.

AN honored guest in Europe this summer was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who responded to Poland's invitation to attend the unveiling of the monument erected in honor of her distinguished husband at Warsaw. She was also present at the dedication of the site for the great Peace Memorial at Geneva, Switzerland.

ANOTHER honor for Helen Keller is the order of St. Sana conferred by King Alexander of Jugoslavia.

While Lady Astor is hobnobbing in Russia with England's great humorist Bernard Shaw, the House of Commons seems to have found a new favorite. It was an attractive gesture when Megan, charming daughter of David Lloyd George, having made a mental calculation in the course of her speech remarked, "If my arithemtic is correct." "Right," responded her father. "I thank my right honorable friend for his support," she replied.

MISS ANITA MUHL of California has been asked by Johns Hopkins University to demonstrate unique mind diagnosis by automatic writing which probes unconscious minds of patients.

HENRIETTA ADDITON, head of the crime prevention bureau in New York City, has been appointed deputy commissioner of police—the first woman to hold so high an office in New York.

Notes to the Field

October Conference

Our Relief Society Conference will convene October 2nd and 3rd.

So many helpful suggestions were given last year by the Stake Presidents who reported that we are sure our officers will be glad to know that reports from some other stakes will be a featue for one of the sessions.

We look forward with pleasure to greeting our officers and hope the attendance will be large.

Special Work For September:

We urge every ward to conduct a *Magazine* campaign during the month of September.

Plans for increasing the subscription list should be carefully made.

Each home should be visited.

Read in *Notes to the Field* in the August *Magazine,* page 464, what was accomplished in the Twentieth Ward of Ensign Stake. Increasing the subscription list from 17 to 101 is a record to be proud of.

Our aim should be a *Magazine* for every member. Many non-members of our organization will subscribe if asked to do so.

We have heard that some wards impose the *Magazine* subscription work on their secretaries. This is a mistake. The secretary has enough to do without this work. *Each ward needs a Magazine agent.* Others should assist her, however, in visiting the ward and in increasing the subscription list in all ways the agent and executive officers may deem advisable.

Those who make the canvass should feel that they are doing an excellent thing in placing good reading matter in the homes of the people. They should realize that every officer and member needs the *Magazine* to get the lessons, to get the latest word from the General Board, and to see what other organizations are doing.

Those making the canvass should be able to talk on the value of good reading, on the special need of good reading today, that those who give out must first have taken in.

Make the campaign intensive and short.

District the ward.

Select enthusiastic salesmen.

Do not send out people who are not conversant with the *Magazine* and enthusiastic believers in its value. Send out those who can tell what the *Magazine* contains in a convincing manner.

Salesmanship is the "process of having the ability to make others see as you see and do as you want them to do."

"All selling is a matter of emotion."

Prepare for the campaign and pray for its success.

Have the agent study several *Magazines* carefully, noting what each contains, so that she can tell the prospective buyer what will appeal most to her.

The *Magazine* salesman should have with her representative numbers of the *Magazine* to show to prospective subscribers.

Tell us of your success and the plans you carried out to get the desired results.

Honor Roll:

In order that stakes and wards may know their rating regarding *Magazine* subscriptions and to stimulate interest we announce the following:

Each ward should have subscriptions enough to equal 50 percent of their membership. Many wards will exceed this percentage.

All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 75 percent of their

membership will have their names and the names of the agents published on our honor roll. All wards reporting a subscription list equal to 100 per cent or over of their membership will not only have their names and the names of the successful agents published on a special honor roll but will receive from the General Board a certificate of appreciation.

Authoritative Advice

This is what President Rudger Clawson says about our *Magazine*:

"I wish to say a word in respect to the *Relief Society Magazine*. It is a wonderful *Magazine*. You must never forget that it is the Relief Society organ, it is your publication, it belongs to you, it is issued for your benefit. If a Relief Society sister should come to me and say, 'Brother Clawson, what is my responsibility to the Church publications?' I should say, without hesitation, 'My dear sister, your first obligation in this matter is to subscribe for the *Relief Society Magazine*. In it you will find every instruction and teaching that is necessary for you, and then after that, if you want to subscribe for other magazines, it is all right, but for you, it should be the *Relief Society Magazine* first'."

Our Meeetings Resume

We are happy to have our Relief Society meetings resume after the summer vacation. With renewed life we again take up the work determined to have this an outstanding year because of the excellence of the work we shall accomplish.

It is desirable for each organization to set before itself some ideals that it will strive to reach during the year. We suggest that some desired ends to strive for are:

Increase the attendance very materially.

Begin and close each meeting on time.

Get general participation in lesson work.

Get each member to read the *Relief Society Magazine*.

Have better block teaching than ever before.

Get our charity work done more efficiently and helpfully.

Notes from the Field

Fremont Stake:

THE following interesting report comes from the Fremont stake secretary: Through the enthusiasm of the Relief Society stake president, a District Teachers' Convention was held in the stake on June 9, 1931. The meetings convened in the Stake Tabernacle at Rexburg, Idaho. In the opening session six wards participated, and there was an attendance of 183 persons. Since there are fourteen wards in the stake, like conventions were held in the neighboring towns on the three following days. Two wards convened on the second day, four on the third, and two on the fourth. The attendance in all was most gratifying. A total of 461 active Relief Society workers participated.

On Saturday, June 13, in the Stake Tabernacle, a brief summary of the work of the various conventions was given for the benefit of all wards, after which a delightful social was held, at which refreshments were served to 247 guests. The Stake Board acted as host.

The loyal support of Relief Society organizations was manifest in the preparation for these inspirational conventions. The meeting places were spotless, floral decorations were profuse, and a spirit of cooperation and friendliness reigned

everywhere. We were extremely fortunate in having as our General Board visitor, Mrs. Elise B. Alder, whose untiring efforts added greatly to the success of the conventions. The spirit was: "If there is any good I can do, let me do it today, for tomorrow may be too late, and I shall not pass this way again."

On Sunday, June 14, Sister Alder attended the stake Union Meeting, and gave additional inspiration and counsel to the ward presidents and teacher supervisors.

As a band of stake workers we deeply appreciate having had a week of close association, and we feel that we have added to the zeal, vision and understanding of the work which is given us to do.

North Davis Stake:

FROM North Davis stake comes a most interesting account of the Davis County Child Welfare Council. This is one of the most progressive and thoroughly organized movements in the field of child welfare of which we have knowledge. It is a movement which includes public spirited men and women from all walks of life, and receives the very hearty support of the Relief Society and the health units of the County. The purpose of the organization is to offer to all children of Davis County the health advantages outlined in the Children's Charter. The following plan is suggested:

"Each child is to be urged to attend the free health conferences in the local community for physical examination. This especially applies to children entering school next fall, but includes children of all ages.

"A list of the defects found will be given to each Relief Society president. From this list each president may formulate a group of those in need of a reduced medical fee. She may add the names of children not listed if she knows of any needing correction; urging them to attend a health conference for examination if possible.

"The parents may arrange through the Relief Society President or directly with the nearest member of the executive committee to have the corrections made. The president will of course refer all cases to the local executive committee members.

"Upon collection of the required fee, a card provided for the purpose by the committee, will be issued to the family, who will then make arrangement with the family doctor or dentist for the necessary operation or treatment.

"Arrangements for the reduced fee may only be made with the doctors and dentists of Davis County, except in the case of eye corrections, which will be handled by an eye specialist.

"The leaders of any organization, or any person, interested in any child needing care, may refer the case to the local executive committee member, or to the Relief Society President.

"All details pertaining to this plan are considered of a confidential nature. Any points not clearly understood may be discussed with the State Social Worker or any other member of the Child Welfare Council.

"Any difficulties arising are to be referred to the executive committee.

"The final decision concerning any case will rest with the executive committee.

"It is especially desired that the Relief Society President will ask the teachers when making their monthly visits, to urge the parents of defective children to arrange for correction as soon as possible.

"Each president will be informed as to the required fees. If cases arise about which she has no information, she may obtain the same by contact with the local members of the executive committee."

On the evening of June 21, 1931, a meeting was held in the North Davis Stake Tabernacle under the auspices of the North Davis Stake Relief Society, at which time Judge Hugo B. Anderson discussed the meaning of the Children's Charter, and Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund spoke on the subject of Relief Society cooperation in Child Welfare work. A large and enthusiastic group attended.

Uintah Stake:

THE following extremely interesting letter came from the Uintah Stake Board: "The Uintah Stake Board of Relief Society, wishes to express appreciation for the programs outlined for study during the past year. We feel that we have reached more homes and sisters than ever before. One of the projects undertaken this year is to have 100% visits made by our visiting teachers each month. All of the wards are taking an active interest in this work, and we are getting splendid response from the teachers. The ward having the highest per cent at the end of the year will be entertained by the other wards. We have made wonderful progress in our Social Service Casework since the institute was held in our stake. During the winter we cooperated with the Red Cross and M. I. A., in obtaining a school nurse. The workers from each ward helped her with her work while she was in their district. Since school closed, we have cooperated with the child welfare organization, both financially and by giving our time in

Yellowstone Stake Celebration

Yellowstone Stake:

AMONG the very interesting celebrations held on the anniversary of the Relief Society was that of Parker, Idaho. The above picture shows the cast of characters of the dramatization of the organization meeting of the Relief Society on March 17, 1842. Here we find the Prophet Joseph, John Taylor and Willard Richards represented. This gave a realistic touch and completeness to the reproduction.

Uintah Stake Board

caring for the school children who are having the follow-up work done. There is more cooperative work between the County, Stake and Wards than ever before, and a better understanding of our problems.

"The picture above is of our Stake Board around the Horse Chestnut tree which we purchased and planted on our Tabernacle grounds.

"We felt honored to have one of our number called to fulfil a mission in Great Britain. Sister Elizabeth Wallis, in company with her husband, Bishop James H. Wallis, who was called to be Patriarch of the European Mission, left in May for her new field. We will truly miss our co-worker, for she has given loving and untiring service in our stake, and we wish her much joy and success in her new labor."

Grant Stake:

THE custom of the Grant Stake Societies to put on a stake enterprise each season, was sucessfully carried out this year by the production of the pageant given on the evenings of March 17 and 18, in commemoration of the 89th anniversary of the Relief Society organization.

"Inasmuch as the Relief Society was studying the Book of Mormon, President Winnifred B. Daynes felt it would be appropriate to depict in pageantry the ancient inhabitants of our country as told in the Nephite records. Professor E. H. Eastmond had given successful presentations of "Voices from the Dust," which he had arranged. This suited our needs, so was therefore chosen by the board members. Songs, scenes and incidents correlating with the above work were introduced by the stake director, Mrs. Dott White, which added color and action. Characters worthy of the parts were selected from all the wards in the stake, including Bishops, High Councilmen, and faithful Relief Society workers. The eight Nephite prophets and one Lamanite seer stepped out of the book of Mormon, each preceded by an allegorical character, paving the way for the message these propnets gave, and the Spirit of Restoration introduced the Latter-day prophet—Joseph Smith.

"The music, under the leadership of the Relief Society chorister, Mrs. Ida Horne White, was very effective, and the singers were all well trained, including the 60 children who represented the stars of the morning. There were 180 who participated in the production. The scenery was well chosen, the costumes of the ancient leaders and the lighting effects blended into the spirit of the occasion, making an interesting and beautiful rendition from beginning to end.

"Assisting the director was Mrs. Jennie Chamberlain; the board members also gave willing and untiring service and cooperation, which is the big factor in the success of the Grant Stake Relief Society.

"It is estimated that 5,000 people enjoyed this performance, and the respectful, appreciative audience contributed much to the success of this pleasing entertainment."

Logan Stake:

ON the evening of June 5, 1931, the Logan stake Relief Society celebrated its eleventh anniversary by entertaining all ward officers and teachers of the Relief Society in the stake. This event was held in the Logan 2nd Ward Amusement Hall. There were over 300 present. Refreshments were served. A one-act play, "Sewing for the Heathens," was successfully presented by the members of the Logan Second Ward Relief Society. A trio, "Sing to the Lord," words written by Margaret Watson, Logan 11th ward, music composed by Lillie D. Meacham, Stake Board organist, was sung by members of the Logan 11th ward Relief Society. The Logan 1st ward chorus sang several selections. A sketch representing what has been done in the past, what is being done during the present time, and what we hope to accomplish in the future, was presented in tableau form, by members of the stake board. This sketch was written and directed by Irene Naisbitt of the Logan 11th ward. It was read by Mrs. Naisbitt as each tableau was shown. Everyone who saw it was very much impressed. A booklet, which the members of the Stake Board compiled as a souvenir, was presented to those who attended the entertainment. The invitation which was sent out to each one was in the form of a clever miniature apron in blue, stitched with gold, the Relief Society colors. In the pocket of the apron was the following invitation:

This little apron is sent to you,
On it a pocket you'll find.
An invitation it carries, true blue,
Requesting that you with us dine.

For truly our Anniversary Day
In program and fun we'll observe,
Refreshments are free, surprises, but stay,
The secret we must reserve.

Now measure your waist 'round inch by inch
And when the total you've found
For each little inch a penny cinch
Safe and snug in the pocket round.

And your pennies shall purchase a prize for you,
Of joy and remembrance quite rare.
A treasure you'll value as others will do—
A gift of the years you shall share.

The proceeds were used to cover the expense of publishing the booklet.

Every ward complied with the instructions of the General Board and planted a Norway Maple tree on their respective ward grounds, but inasmuch as there was no room on the Tabernacle grounds for any more trees, and on the Temple grounds were as many Norway Maples as they wished to have, our Stake Presidency suggested that we substitute another tree. Hence the reason for planting a Mountain Ash, as requested by President Shepherd.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Covered Wagon Days Celebration

ANNIVERSARY celebrations play an important part in keeping in memory people and events. The Covered Wagon Days celebration, held in Salt Lake City July 24, 25 and 26, brought vividly to mind the hardships and struggles and victories of the intrepid pioneers. Thousands paid loving homage to the pioneers who wrought so well, labored so faithfully, and established homes, hamlets and cities beyond the outposts of civilization in the western desert. The realization was borne in upon many as the parade wended its way through the streets that they were enjoying the fruits of the labors of these pathfinders and homebuilders.

It was a fine thing to see how all united to make the celebration a success. Not only did the citizenry and various organizations of Salt Lake City enter into the spirit of the occasion, but different parts of the state sent floats and in other ways cooperated. The parade, the dedication at the airport, the pageant at the Univesity of Utah stadium, and the sacred services in the Tabernacle were the features of the occasion, and each was successful and enjoyed by many thousands. The spirit of covered wagon days came back and the children and children's children of those noble men and women received a new sense of values and a new impulse welled up within them to live worthy of their illustrious ancestors.

The spirit that moved the people of covered wagon days was wonderful. Their trust in God was supreme their belief in his loving watchcare his unlimited power, his matchless wisdom, was unshakable. They were

sure that though clouds might lower, though hardships were severe, he would in his own way and in his own time provide; darkness would be illuminated by light, difficulties would be overcome, because he was an ever present help to them. He was as the shelter of a rock on the burning sands.

They had gained a wonderful victory for external conditions were subordinated to the things of the spirit. Despoiled of earthly possessions yet were they rich. In times of hunger they were filled with his spirit so that they knew he would provide for them as surely as he sent manna for the children of Israel. They were happy in poverty and under the most adverse circumstances. They learned to adjust themselves to every condition. They were friends tried and true, ready to share whatever they had with their neighbors who were new comers in their midst. To them life was more than meat and the body than raiment. Nothing could separate them from the love and guidance of their Father. They felt they could do all things through Christ who strengthened them.

We need the spirit of Covered Wagon Days today. We need to trust in God and do good. We need to subdue the things of the flesh to the things of the spirit. We need to be less selfish and to live in a brotherhood of love as did they. All honor to those stalwarts who made the desert blossom, who builded so enduringly, who lived such wonderful lives, and who were true to God and country, and who loyally lived the truth.

Worse Than War

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY has issude a book containing some "Impressive Statistics and Facts" regarding the loss of life and injuries caused by automobile accidents in 1930. It points out that 50,510 members of the American Expeditionary Forces were killed in action and died of wounds, during eighteen months of the World War; and that 50,900 were killed in automobile accidents during the past eighteen months. In 1930, 962,325 were injured. The following quotations from this book give food for thought:

"Three specific driving violations by operators of automobiles were responsible, in whole or in part, for 68 per cent of the 1930 accidents due to improper driving. They were exceeding the speed limit, driving on the wrong side of the road, and failing to grant the right-of-way.

"More than 7,000 pedestrians met death during the year in automobile accidents primarily through their own fault, while approximately 2,300 other pedestrians were killed because of the actions of drivers. In the death of more than 5,000 other pedestrians, the responsibility was shared jointly.

"More automobile accidents resulting in both deaths and injuries happened upon Sunday than any other day of the week, notwithstanding the fact that upon the Sabbath there is less traffic congestion in towns and cities and fewer pedestrians abroad than on any other day of the week.

"Approximately 77 per cent of all the motor vehicles involved in accidents causing deaths and non-fatal injuries in 1930 were cars of the

private passenger type, though such cars represented 87 per cent of the total motor vehicle registration in the country.

"Records indicate that men were behind the wheel in 93 out of every 100 cars in accidents causing deaths and non-fatal injuries in 1930, with women being the drivers in the remaining seven.

"Road conditions in both fatal and non-fatal automobile accidents in 1930 were ideal for the most part, the report shows. The figures reveal that in practically 80 per cent of the mishaps causing fatalities, road surfaces were dry, and that in more than 80 per cent of the non-fatal accidents, the same thing was true.

"Far more men are killed in automobile accidents than women, the number of men being more than 76 per cent of the total and for women, in excess of 23 per cent of the total.

"The things which pedestrians do that are wrong include crossing intersections against signal lights, crossing intersections diagonally, crossing in the middle of the block, hitch hiking, darting out into thoroughfares from behind parked cars, and walking with instead of against the traffic stream on dark highways after sundown. Such actions caused the death of more than 8000 last year."

One Blind from Birth Made to See

TRIFLING things often lead to wonderful results, but seldom to such startling consequences as in the case of Earl Musselman. Last winter a Sunday School teacher of the First Reformed Church of West Philadelphia was ill, and asked Dr. Moore to speak to his class. The doctor talked on "Vision" and read the parable of the boy who was born blind and was cured by the Savior. (See John, Chapter 9.) In this class was Earl Musselman who had been born blind. He listened attentively; his face brightened; and at the close of the talk he said he had determined to become a Christian.

Sometime after this, Earl's uncle, an optometrist, met Dr. Moore at a wholesale optical house, and said, "Doctor, I believe you can make that boy see." After studying the case for seven weeks, Dr. Moore said that while he had never performed just such an operation, he believed it would be successful. Seventy-five physicians had previously examined the boy and felt that his case was hopeless. Many of these now tried to dissuade Dr. Moore. Scores and scores of letters were received protesting against the folly of attempting the impossible, but Dr. Moore went forward with his preparations praying continuously for guidance. When about to perform the difficult operation, Dr. Moore, as was his wont, prayed earnestly. The patient's nervousness left him, and Dr. Moore with steady hands performed the delicate operation. After two and one-half days the bandages were removed. The doctor asked, "Earl, can you see me?" "Plainly, doctor, plainly," replied the ecstatic boy.

When the doctor was asked if he was puffed up with pride over his marvelous achievement which had attracted world-wide attention, he replied calmly, "Not at all; rather the reverse. I have only a great feeling of humility that I have been privileged to do this thing. It is not I of myself who did it, but God working through me; to him belongs the credit, not to me."

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

Book of Mormon—Joseph Smith's Contacts With the Angel Moroni

Select Readings: Read First Nephi, chapters 11 to 14, inclusive. Make notes of the ideas revealed to Nephi respecting the future.

Before we begin our study of the teachings of the *Book of Mormon*, however, and the things about it that would be difficult for a boy of Joseph Smith's age, education, and experience to put into a book, we must know just how we got this interesting volume.

It used to be claimed by non-"Mormon" critics of the Nephite record that Sidney Rigdon either stole or borrowed a manuscript written by a Mr. Solomon Spaulding, that he touched it up a bit, adding the atmosphere of religion, and then that he gave the revamped manuscript to Joseph Smith, who published it under his own name. This theory is not now accepted by anyone who has gone to the trouble of looking up the facts in the case. There are too many loopholes in the argument to commend it to a well informed student of "Mormonism." And so we may dismiss this "explanation" without any further attention.

Modern critics of the *Book of Mormon* have come to the conclusion that the work originated with the Prophet somehow. Only, they do not believe that the Lord had anything to do with it, as the Saints claim. Here is Joseph Smith's own story of its origin:

"On the evening of September 21, 1823, I retired to my bed for the night. I betook myself to prayer and supplication to God for forgiveness of all my sins and follies, and also for a manifestation to me, that I might know of my state and standing before him. For I had full confidence in obtaining a divine manifestation, as I previously had done.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor.

"He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist; so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person.

"When I first looked upon him, I was afraid; but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all

nations, kindreds, and tongues. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants; also, that there were two stones in silver bows—the urim and thummim—deposited with the plates; that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book.

"He told me that when I got those plates—for the time that they should be obtained was not yet fulfilled—I should not show them to any person; neither the breastplate with the urim and thummim; only to those to whom I should be commanded; if I did I should be destroyed. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"After this communication, I saw the light in the room begin to gather immediately around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so, until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended until he entirely disappeared, and the room was left as it had been before this heavenly light had made its appearance.

"I lay musing on the singularity of the scene and marveling greatly at what had been told me by this extraordinary messenger, when, in the midst of my meditation, I suddenly discovered that my room was again beginning to get lighted. In an instant, as it were, the same heavenly messenger was again at my bedside.

"He commenced, and again related the very same things which he had done at his first visit, without the least variation; which having done he informed me of great judgments which were coming upon the earth with great desolations by famine sword, and pestilence; and that these grievous judgments would come on the earth in this generation. Having related these things, he again ascended as he had done before.

"By this time, so deep were the impressions made on my mind, that sleep had fled from my eyes, and I lay overwhelmed in astonishment at what I had both seen and heard. But what was my surprise when again I beheld the same messenger at my bedside, and heard him rehearse or repeat over again to me the same things as before; adding caution to me that Satan would try to tempt me (in consequence of the indigent circumstances of my father's family) to get the plates for the purpose of getting rich. This he forbade me, saying that I must have no other object in view in getting the plates but to glorify God, and must not be influenced by any other motive than that of building up his kingdom. Otherwise I could not get them.

"After this third visit, he again ascended into heaven as before, and I was again left to ponder on the strangeness of what I had just experienced. Almost immediately after the heavenly messenger had ascended from me the third time, the cock crowed, and I found that day was approaching, so that our interviews must have occupied the whole of that night.

"I shortly after arose from my bed and, as usual, went to the nece

ary labors of the day. But in ttempting to work as at other times, found my strength so exhausted as render me entirely unable. My ather, who was laboring along with ne, discovered something to be rong with me, and told me to go ome. I started with the intention f going to the house; but, in at-empting to cross the fence out of ne field where we were, my strength ntirely failed me, and I fell helpless n the ground, and for a time was uite unconscious of anything.

"The first thing that I can recol-ct was a voice speaking unto me, alling me by name. I looked up, nd beheld the same messenger tanding over my head, surrounded y light as before.

"He then again related unto me all nat he had related to me the pre-ious night, and commanded me to o to my father and tell him the ision and commandments which I ad received. I obeyed. I returned o my father in the field, and re-earsed the whole matter to him. Ie replied to me that it was of God, nd told me to go and do as com-nanded by the messenger. I left ne field and went to the place where ne messenger had told me the plates ere deposited.

"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario county, New ork, stands a hill of considerable ze, and the most elevated of any the neighborhood. On the west de of this hill, not far from the op, under a stone of considerable ze, lay the plates, deposited in a tone box. Having removed the arth, I obtained a lever, which I ot fixed under the edge of the tone, and with a little exertion aised it up. I looked in, and there ideed did I behold the plates, the rim and thummim, and the breast-late, as stated by the messenger.

"I made an attempt to take them ut, but was forbidden by the mes-senger. I was again informed that the time for bringing them forth had not yet arrived, neither would it, until four years from that time. But he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, and that he would there meet with me, and that I should continue to do so until the time should come for obtaining the plates.

"Accordingly, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days.

"At length the time arrived for obtaining the plates, the urim and thummim, and the breastplate.

"On the twenty-second day of September, 1827, having gone as usual at the end of another year to the place where they were deposited, the same heavenly messenger delivered them up to me with this charge: that I should be responsible for them; that if I should let them go carelessly, or through any neglect of mine, I should be cut off; but that if I would use all my endeavors to preserve them, until he should call for them, they should be protected.

"In April, 1828, Martin Harris commenced writing for me, while I translated from the plates. This continued until the fourteenth of June, by which time he had written one hundred sixteen pages of manuscript, on foolscap paper. With my permission, reluctantly given, he took this manuscript to show some of his relatives. Meantime, I went on a visit to my father's family in Manchester. For, persecution having become intolerable there, I had been under the necessity of going with my wife to Harmony, Penn-

sylvania, where the translation was done.

"Immediately after my return home, I was walking out a little distance, when the former heavenly messenger appeared and handed me the urim and thummim again—for it had been taken from me in consequence of my having wearied the Lord in asking for the privilege of letting Martin Harris take the writings, which he lost by transgression.

"After I had obtained a revelation from the Lord through the urim and thummim, both the plates and the urim and thummim were taken from me again. But in a few days they were returned to me.

"By the wisdom of God the plates remained safe in my hands, until I had accomplished by them what was required. When, according to arrangements, the messenger called for them. I delivered them up to him; and he has them in his charge until this day (May 2, 1838)."

If we take the trouble to count the number of contacts Joseph Smith had with Moroni, we shall find that they are seventeen, counting only those the prophet himself enumerates. They are: September, 1823, five; in the same months of the years 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, four; in June, 1828, three; in June, 1829, four; and once, the last time presumably, when he delivered the plates to the messenger. It is highly probable, however, from the narrative of the Prophet's mother that there were other occasions when he saw and conversed with the angel.

As to the fact of Moroni's having been raised from the dead, we have the Prophet's own statement to that effect in his *Autobiography*. It was not a spirit that appeared to Joseph Smith, but a man who had been raised from the dead, one who had been immortalized.

Questions

1. Tell briefly the story of how we got the *Book of Mormon*.

2. Note these things about the Prophet's narration of the event: Its simplicity, its directness, its neglect of such details as would merely appeal to curiosity, its air of telling what actually happened, the complete absence of anything that savors of self assertiveness.

3. How many contacts did Joseph have with the messenger? How far apart were they? How long were some of the "interviews?" What do you suppose they talked about?

4. Is it probable that heavenly beings visit anyone here except when there is something of great importance to communicate? If, then anyone tells you that an angel, or one of the three Nephites, visited him or her, what test would you apply?

Work and Business

(This topic is to be given at the special visiting Teachers' Training meeting.)

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matthew 6:33.

When asked the meaning of the kingdom of God, Jesus answered saying, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered

the Jews: but now is my kingdom ot from hence."—John 18:36.

"For the kingdom of God is not word, but in power."—I Corinhians 4:20.

"For the kingdom of God is not eat and drink; but righteousness, nd peace, and joy in the Holy host."—Romans 14:17.

To more fully understand the text he preceding verses should be read. he admonition is therefore, to take o thought of the morrow; for the orrow shall take thought for the hings of itself, or as it is expressed the Book of Mormon, "sufficient s the day unto the evil thereof."—II Nephi 13:34.

All these things: food, clothing, rink, enlightenment of mind, vigor f body, need not worry the mind f him who trusts implicitly in the ower and providence of God, and eeks earnestly his kingdom and the ighteous things of the world.

"Therefore, take ye no thought or the morrow, for what ye shall at, or what ye shall drink, or wherevithal ye shall be clothed.

"For, consider the lilies of the eld, how they grow, they toil not, either do they spin; and the kingoms of the world, in all their glory, re not arrayed like one of these.

"For your Father, who is in eaven, knoweth that you have need f all these things."—Doctrine and ovenants 84:81-83.

To consider the daily work and onversation of the Master during he few years of which we have ecord while in the flesh is to see ow He interpreted the advice to Seek first the kingdom of God and is righteousness." We read that—He went around doing good; lived he simple life; rebuked the selfish; leansed the leper; raised the dead; alled sinners to repentance; forgave in; taught how to pray; made the ame to walk; cast out evil spirits; made the blind to see; calmed the tempest.

Are we seeking the kingdom of God, or are we seeking the kingdom of selfishness, pleasure or power? The kingdom of God is within, as the Savior said. The greatest of all power is in man's own soul. It resides in him by virtue of his kinship to the Divine. How can we best follow the admonition of the master, to "seek first the kingdom of God?" To be of greatest service in the cause of the Lord, the Relief Society woman must put aside personal desires, be forgetful of self, have a deep love for the work, apply herself wholeheartedly to her work, and regardless of opposition or outside influence, must live and teach the gospel.

Early history of the Church tells us how some of the members, because of opposition and persecution, had not faith strong enough to forsake the material things in life for the spiritual ones. Many on the other hand, regardless of hardships, lived and taught the principles of the Gospel under trying circumstances, always trusting in the Lord for his divine guidance and protection. It is those who are full of faith, devoted to the truth, and who enter upon their work with full determination to progress its cause, that serve the best.

"There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake,

"Who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."—Luke 18:29-30.

"Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matthew 7:21.

Literature

(Third Week in November)

Norway

Norway, like Denmark, was slow to develop a national literature. Two collectors of folklore, Asbjornsen and Moe, helped to make younger writers conscious of the material to be found in their native Norway.

Up until 1814 Norway was a part of Denmark. Then at the treaty of Vienna, Norway became a part monarchy with Sweden. (In 1905 Norway became a separate country, ruled by Haakon VII.) Encouraged by her new political life, she began to develop a national literature. Asbjornsen and Moe, who had been country boys and friends, followed the work of the Grimm brothers in Germany, and decided that they would write down the folk lore of Norway. In 1841, a period when America was just becoming short story conscious, they published their first volume of tales. "The Smith Who Could Not Get Into Hell" is a humorous tale from this collection.

To the world outside of the Scandinavian countries Ibsen's name is perhaps the best known. But in Norway there is another name as well known as the great dramatist's. It is that of Bjornsjerne Bjornson, a man who dominated his country for half a century. Not only did he write short stories that truly depicted his countrymen but he was also a poet, a novelist, a dramatist, and a political leader. In the text he is represented by "The Father."

Norway has produced many short story writers since Bjornson's time. Two of these men, Johan Bojer and Knut Hansun, have been translated into English and are almost as well known as our own writers. They, along with other men not so well known to us, have profoundly influenced the American short story and novel. One of our most artistic and understanding books of American folk life, "Giants of the Earth," was written in Norwegian by an American citizen and translated into English.

There are but three Norwegian stories in the text and any one is long enough for a day's lesson. Only two of them will be discussed in any detail, "The Smith Who Could Not Get Into Hell" and "The Father." An occasional teacher may prefer Bojer's "Skobelef," but most of them will find it harder to handle and not so interesting. Very briefly "Skobelef" is the story of a spirited and rather vicious horse, and the effects his coming had upon the village and his owner in particular.

The story about the Smith is artistically written with a religious theme, evidently of the Christian era but still retaining some of the pagan ideas of the gods. It has many of the ear marks of a modern short story—brevity, a limited number of characters who are well drawn, no words wasted either in the introduction or in the climax, no halting episodes, and a touch of fantasy.

The main character, the Smith, is a cocksure fellow, one who is not even aware that he is lacking in any knowledge or insight. But he has a certain lusty and cruel sense of humor and is shrewd enough to get his own way.

The devil is the old fashioned kind, obliging, tricky, and yet rather stupid, and continually on the look out for any promising souls. He

lecides that the egotistical Smith vill be an easy convert. The bar-gain is finally made by an appeal o the Smith's vanity.

But the Lord and St. Peter are lso visiting the earth. They pause t the Smith's long enough to teach im a lesson. However the Smith s too conceited to learn it and yet hrewd enough to gain a favor from is strange visitors. This favor the mith uses to outwit the devil. So lever is the Smith that he defrauds he devil of the contract and lives n for many years to boast of his laim of being master of all.

After a time the Smith dies. As sual he is in a great hurry to get to is destination and as usual he pends little time in thinking where e had better go. Conceited as he s, he realizes that he has done little o deserve heaven. So he sets off o find his old friend. The devil, who has been three times fooled, efuses to grant the Smith admis-ion. This does not trouble the mith very much, for he has always ad his way, and he decides to try eaven. If he does not get into eaven he is in a bad way—a lost oul doomed to worse things than ell. When he arrives at St. Peter's ate only a tiny crack shows and he s clever enough to hurl his hammer o make a wider wedge. The story nds with the hammer safe in the rack and the Smith in hot haste ehind it. The Smith has been the ictor in life, but it is a question vhether St. Peter will open the door little further.

The story is about a simple people vith a simple faith. While the re-igious questions the tale raises have ever been satisfactorily settled for he world at large, it is not read for hese things now. Rather it is read ecause there are still Smiths about s now and the devil is very much he same kind of a fellow.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson

It is impossible to view Norwegian life or history without the aid of Bjornson. He was born on December 8, 1832, at Kvikne. His father was a minister, who forced religion and education on the wild, ferocious people of the parish. Young Bjornson, brought up in this atmosphere and in the bitter climate, came to feel the fear of God before he learned his love. In his early youth he was headstrong and despised books and school. Other boys of Kvikne might have to attend the pastors' school, but not the pastor's son. He spent his days roaming over the mountains and fjords. Then as he matured he returned to his books and entered the university at Christiania. He was a large, handsome youth with a strong, athletic body, frank blue eyes and simple manners.

Soon—almost before he began to write—he decided that he was to become a great poet, destined to arouse Norway from her intellectual sleep. And so he was. "Synnove Solbakken" was proof enough. In this book Norway and Europe realized that a new intellectual leader had arrived. Other men wrote condescendingly of the peasants. Bjornson was but one generation removed from the soil and he knew them and loved them. It was said of him "that his large and spacious mind has a southern exposure and all its windows are thrown open to the sun." He was optimistic and believed that all men had much good in them.

In time he became a great figure in the theatrical world. As he approached his late thirties he became doubtful of the simple faith of his childhood. He changed into a skeptical and critical thinker, but never entirely broke with his early faith.

With his new vision he became more interested in political life. Norway has always been a democratic country, where a man's personal worth may be recognized, and Bjornson did much to further equality and to prepare the way for his country's separation from Sweden.

A contemporary said of Bjornson, "If he writes a little song, hardly a year elapses before its phrases have passed into the common speech of the people." He understood his country and interpreted it as no other man has done.

Like the story of the Smith "The Father" has a religious theme, but it is as different from the former as is a church fair compared with a solemn service in a cathedral. It tells of how a man, made arrogant by the good things of life, found his soul through suffering. The story could be expanded into a volume; yet Bjornson has condensed it into a short short story. It is as sparing in detail, as effective in words and phrases as the story of the prodigal son, who also found his soul through suffering.

In a very few words the author describes the father, Thord, a wealthy man, tall and earnest. By means of the brief dialogue, a few scattered sentences, Thord reveals his intense pride, his desire that his son should come before all others, even in baptism and confirmation. Three times Thord appears before the priest, proud and satisfied and deaf to the priest's message. It is not until the fourth time, when death has robbed him, that he sees the better life. Unlike the rich young man of the Bible, he does not ask how he can enter the kingdom of heaven; he finds the way himself and comes to the priest as his first step in the new life.

The story of the Smith can be retold by many people and it will not lose much in the retelling. The story alone suffices. "The Father," however, must be read, every word of it. The loss of one word or phrase might blur the story, which is so perfectly told. It was written to express an idea and emphasis is placed on character rather than plot.

Questions

"The Father"

1. What evidence is there in this story that the father was a religious man? That he understood the peasants and respected them?

2. What method does the author use to reveal Thord's character? State briefly the kind of impression you receive of Thord.

3. What things in the story show Thord's pride of material things and his indifference to the spiritual ones?

4. How is he made to see the better life? What evidence does Thord give that he will follow his new vision?

5. What racial characteristics are shown in this story? Is the local color so marked that the story loses its universal appeal?

6. How early in the story is the theme indicated?

"The Smith Who Could Not Go Into Hell"

1. Why is the story called a folk tale?

2. What was the bargain the Smith made with the devil?

3. Why did the devil pick out the Smith as a likely man to take to hell?

4. What lesson did the Lord and St. Peter try to teach the Smith?

5. Why was it impossible for the Smith to learn the lesson?

6. How did the Smith outwit the devil?

7. What things showed the devil's stupidity?

8. Why was the Smith kept out hell?
9. Discuss the Smith's chances of tting into heaven?
10. What makes this story of earlier ages still interesting?
11. What things in the story give it a pagan touch?

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

PERSONALITY STUDY: MAKING NEW FRIENDS

(Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior,* pp. 42-70)

[Note: Some have made the observation that these lessons are rather long be handled in one period. The intention is to have class leaders choose for scussion only those parts of the material which seem of greatest value.]

"As individuals, our chief task in fe is to make our personality, and hat our personality has to offer, ffective in our particular environent of human beings." (Overreet.) Carr, from whom we uoted in our last lesson, tells us at our personalities "make or mar ir efficiency in getting along with eople." We have also pointed out at the various traits of personality re largely acquired and that in ealing with the problem of improvg these traits it is better not to try handle them all at once but rather habit or two at a time. Let our resent concern then be to consider rticularly those suggestions growg out of our knowledge of human ature which will make it easier for s to acquire new friends. In this nd the next lesson we shall deal ainly with those parts of our genal problem that are relatively easy apply—matters pertaining to the mporary influencing of human beavior rather than with the more fficult techniques of making pround and lasting changes in people. Of course no one doubts the value making and having friends. Bedes the contribution which friends ake to enrich our lives, there are rsonality benefits in the very pross of trying to be friendly with our ordinary associates as well as in so conducting ourselves as to deserve to be considered loyal and true by the relatively few exceptionally choice friends that we may be fortunate enough to have.

Our appreciation of friends and friendship has been well expressed in such quotations as the following:

"He who has a thousand friends has
not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall
meet him everywhere."

"If a man does not make new acquaintances, as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."—Samuel Johnson.

"Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."—Sidney Smith.

"Communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects: for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves."—Francis Bacon.

"How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol

them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own."—Francis Bacon.

"True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation."—George Washington.

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." —Shakespeare.

History and sacred literature give us many examples of beautiful and enduring friendships. We are also acquainted with at least biographical accounts of certain contemporary characters who show conspicuous ability as friend makers. From these successful men and women we can learn a great deal about how we too can acquire more ability to make people count us as their friends. Various instances from their lives will illustrate this or that valuable device or principle, but they all reenforce the general statement from Emerson that *"the only way to have a friend is to be one."*

Perhaps you are already acquainted with one of the stories of how Benjamin Franklin was able to quickly turn a troublesome enemy into a very good friend. While he was struggling to establish his small printing business he was fortunate enough to be re-elected clerk of the state Assembly. During the election a certain candidate had campaigned against him and now as a member of the House was showing his further contempt and ill regard. What would Franklin do to secure his favor without as he says, "paying any servile respect to him?" In brief this is what he did.

Franklin had heard that the new member owned a certain very rare and curious book. He wrote to him telling of his desire to peruse the volume and requesting the favor of a brief loan of the same. The book was sent at once and in about a week it was returned together with a note expressing his great appreciation of the favor. Next time they met in the House he spoke very civilly (before this he did not speak to young Franklin and furthermore he manifested a willingness to extend other favors. They continued as lifelong friends.

Many successful men and women make use of this same kind of friendly strategy. It consisted of gaining attention in a pleasant way by asking a favor. In discussing this way of winning new friends Webb and Morgan add this remark:

"If used coldly, this plan of asking a favor is a mere bit of trickery. But when we wish the other man well and really want his friendship it becomes a way to make this feeling known to him. * * * Charm, poise, 'personality'—all arise from this feeling of genuine interest in people. It is this alone which can give power to our strategy."

The results secured by Franklin in the instance just related show the working of what might be called a law of human nature. It is based upon one of the many powerful and dependable human wants that we all have more or less in common. Nearly everyone wants to be made to feel important and superior. What a satisfaction it is to have our ego raised—even a little bit! How quickly Franklin was able to kindle a "glow of friendliness" in the other fellow by himself taking on a minor role while the other man is allowed to assume the star position in the cast! Franklin was seeking help

better opinion of himself, we earn s good will because we satisfy e of his basic needs."

It is important that we learn ore about the nature of a want in e sense that we are here using the rm and also about some of the rious fundamental human wants. By a want we mean an active sire tending to replace present ssatisfaction with a condition we ll satisfaction. A child uses the ord with this meaning when he ys, "I want to" or "I don't want ." It implies an active striving, ipulse or appetite impelling us to ore or less appropriate activity. he strength of a want may vary om a condition near the zero point one where we are keenly aware an intense craving for something. ontrast, for example, your want r a fourth piece of pie with your ant for air after you have been lding your breath for a minute.

The books contain various lists human wants. Sometimes they e classified as native and acquired ants, or labeled as instincts, urges, ives or what not. Such classi-ations and mere efforts to attach bels to various kinds of behavior e, however, of very little practical lue. Too often instead of even ngling out the behavior in ques-on for further study it tends to ake us satisfied with our mere ility to parrot off certain names at sound wise and scientific.

We may not at this time pursue ir effort to get a practical under-anding of the basic human wants uch beyond the material presented r us in our text, but we can at ast achieve a point of view with hich to approach our future rther studies of this phase of our roblem. Since it is our desire to se existing wants and take them to account much as an experienced sailor might a favorable or unfavorable wind or ocean current, it is important for us to know of their existence, dependability and relative strength. We may later wish to undertake the actual modification of existing wants or other traits and then a somewhat detailed account of the many factors which influenced their development will be necessary.

In the meantime let us do as much actual "psychologizing" as we may —watching carefully the bearings of our acts as they affect other people. Instead of wasting time trying to decide which are inherited and which are acquired tendencies or merely prating as much as some do about instincts or about what some prefer to call "urges" let us learn to recognize and deal somewhat directly with different kinds of behavior situations. No one will deny but that a young bride will do well not to follow even a very good cook book too slavishly if she wishes to have her husband like the meals she prepares. It would be better to begin cooking as best she can, then studying his reactions at mealtime and modifying her cooking accordingly.

Modern advertisers, writers, and public speakers try to base their appeals upon the wants that most people have in common with each other. How much of commerce and social life, for example, is centered in the widespread existence and impelling nature of such organic needs as those of hunger, thirst, sex, the avoidance of pain or extremes of temperature, etc. Then too we practically all desire social approval, to be efficient, to be in style, to have a thrill or a new experience, etc. What a change would come into the lives of all of us if we were suddenly freed from the necessity of

satisfying such wants as the ones we have just mentioned!

The modern salesperson not only makes use of his knowledge of these wants that he can depend upon nearly all people having, but he sometimes goes to considerable trouble to get a "picture" of the individual wants of each prospective customer. A knowledge of the peculiar interests, hobbies, likes and dislikes of this and that prospect he finds are often exceedingly useful. He takes great care to get reliable information regarding them and makes careful note of the same on each prospect card.

Now what application can we make of this in relation to winning new friends? We have already shown how in the asking-a-favor technique we can get the desired response, sometimes even from an enemy, by the skillful use of one of the wants which practically everyone has. We can learn much by consciously watching how these general appeals are employed by skillful people who attempt to serve or exploit the public. Incidentally, we may thereby acquire something of the much needed art of sales-resistance.

What we desire to stress at this time, however, is the fact that appeals that are very individual and personal in character are often more effective than those which are general. It is this fact which has been generalized so often in the statement that "people are all different and must be treated differently."

Theodore Roosevelt's popularity was due in part to the care he took to be informed about personal and seemingly trivial things about people. For example, his ability to fascinate men at political banquets whom he had never seen before was based upon the care he took to get a good characterization of the pec ple about him. He tried to lear what particular things each had ac complished, what things he wa most proud of, what he liked an so on. He showed great facility i learning to call each person by nam and his conversation was surpris ingly well-fitted to interest everyon at his table. How could they hel being both delighted and most fa vorably impressed!

In conclusion may we again quot from the book by Webb and Mo gan which we recommended in previous lesson of this course. The say:

"To win the other fellow's lik ing and cooperation, remember tha his personal interests are differe from your own. Keep in mind hi habits and hobbies; the things h has done, the things he owns; h knowledge, his opinions, and hi name; the people and the things h reveres; his wants and his need Take the trouble to exhibit your re spect for these interests of his."

Problems For Class Discussion

1. Comment on the followin quotation from Emerson:

"The highest compact we ca make with our fellow is—Let ther be truth between us two forever more. * * * It is sublime to fe and say of another, I need neve meet, or speak, or write to him; w need not re-enforce ourselves o send tokens of remembrance; I rel on him as on myself; if he did thu or thus, I know it was right."

Find a few other good quotation on this subject and prepare to rea them to the class.

2. Tell briefly of one or two o the notable friendships of history.

3. Relate as interestingly as yo can two or three instances from th

while his former opponent had the way opened to play the part of benefactor. "When we give a man lives of such great friend makers as Jane Addams, William Gladstone, King Edward VII, Andrew Carnegie, William Howard Taft and Lady Astor, to illustrate their knack for making and keeping friends.

4. Is it generally true that friendliness begets friendliness? Illustrate.

5. Show as forcefully as you can that our efforts to develop our personalities and to win friends must not be mere sordid or selfish affairs. In this connection Fosdick's article in the *Reader's Digest* for August, 1931, will be found very helpful.

6. Read to the class the condensed article in the same issue of the *Reader's Digest* entitled, "To Win New Friends."

7. Salesmen and advertisers are known to sometimes make unscrupulous use of some of the same knowledge that has been brought to our attention in this lesson. This fact led a recent writer to urge that we cultivate sales resistance or better still what he calls "buymanship." Another writer with the same thing in mind offers a number of valuable "safeguards in buying" which we shall here attempt to summarize:

(1) Learn to judge for yourself the quality of the articles you wish to buy.

(2) Familiarize yourself just as the wide awake merchant does with various places and prices at which the articles may be purchased.

(3) Know your own reactions in buying and don't get so enthusiastic as to "oversell" yourself. In this connection the following of a well prepared budget is an important safeguard against foolish buying.

Discuss each of these suggestions and try to add one or two others you have found to be especially helpful.

8. Find these phrases in the text (see pp. 43-68) and comment briefly on each: "wants, of most of which he is not even conscious;" "perhaps it was we who were at fault;" "bigoted self congratulation;" "first arouse in the other person an eager want;" "poverty of picture-building words;" and "inducing an imagined experience."

Adaptation

By Bertha A. Kleinman

The things I love with fervid clasp,
  Seem destined to decay,
The things I prize elude my grasp
  And these too pass away.

The things I say I will not do
  Insistently demand,
The joyless things of sodden hour
  Are always near at hand.

The things I say I will not bear
  I must propitiate,
Like hosts assembled unaware,
  That enter at my gate.

The things I say I cannot stand
  Knock grimly at my door—
In verity I must, I can,
  And over yet and o'er.

And so the days contrary go
  And life is passing strange—
That I must face the winds that blow,
  And only I must change.

But this I know that friendlier
  Am I who can concede,
And bigger, stronger, kindlier
  For all that I accede.

Beloved

By Christie Lund

When I am sad, discouraged,
And the skies are overhung
With greying clouds of bitterness
And broken faiths. . . .
I think of you,
And against my tears I smile—
Remembering
The eagerness, the joy,
The clean, young happiness of you,
Like April rain,
And fresh sea winds
At dawn.

How sweet, how beautiful
This love of life of yours.

Ah, years must never make you bi
ter dear,
Life must be ever thus—
A thing of goodness, youth. . .
Let not your fluttering hands
Be calmed to patient stillness;
Nor let your eyelids droop
With loss of boyish wonder fro
your eyes.
Laugh. . . Laugh! Beloved. . .

And I shall laugh. . .
Against my tears—
Remembering.

Birds

By the late Josephine Spencer

So closely every morning
Outside the window sill
At daylight's silver warning
The birds begin to trill.
The tree tops are the cities
Whose branches, builded through,
Home scores of wondrous ditties
That make the world seem new.

Each tiny light ray creeping
Amid the lacing leaves
Wake all the bird folk sleeping
Under their nesting eaves.

And then with chirp and twitter
Through all the leaves a-twitter
Sounds out its morning note.

In every home nest builded
Along those leafy streets
A life, with song gift gilded,
The coming sunrise greets.

Listen and hear the chorus
In prayer and anthem blend—
With all these voices for us
Where can God's kindness end?

Madame Curie

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

Subtle enchantress,
Sorceress bright,
Delicate delver
Poised in pure light.

O for the fairy
Wand that you wield,
Questioning Nature
Making her yield

Deep, hidden secrets
Luminous, rare,
Wresting from Nature
Making her share

Spirit unswerving
Patience supreme,
Vigil ecstatic:
"Follow the gleam."

Essence of genius
Flower of trust!
Wondrous, priceless,
Diamond dust!

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Peerless, serene—
Truth's stern pursuer
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